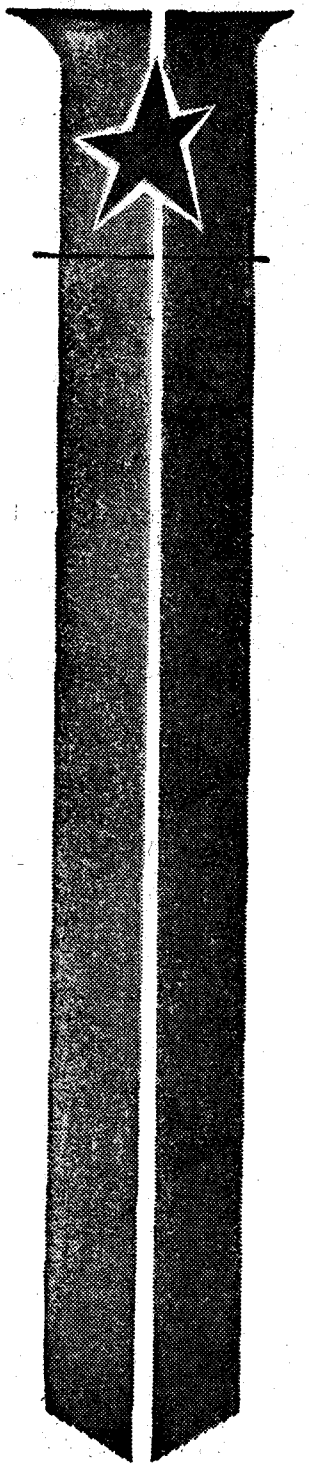
THE NATION

A LOST LINCOLN LETTER

CDC

February 17, 1964 . . 35c



Dominican Republic

THE GOONS AGAIN

Norman Gall

Atlanta

FRUITS OF TOKENISM

Pat Watters

Evaded Problem

Sex on the Campus

Lester A. Kirkendall

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee

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LETTERS

New fundamentalist

Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I entertain a warm admiration for the ability of Gene Marine, but his article "Rafferty: New Hope of the Far Right" [*The Nation*, Jan. 27], despite the support of his fears by such a fine political strategist as Unruh, is on the whole very misleading and I think very damaging.

I believe that to point up so excessively the power of Max Rafferty is to ascribe to him a capacity that is indeed exaggerated. Most of us are not unaware of Rafferty's resourcefulness, but what the article should have stressed and at greater length, was the fact that he is vulnerable; and that a campaign of education . . . would disclose him to be incredibly stupid, even though cunning. . . .

His most recent attempt to modify the concept of evolution in the public schools, and calling for the modification of the textbooks, makes him so vulnerable as to be a self-convicted primitive.

If we assume the obligation of presenting this man to the public in his true intellectual colors, then we ought to identify him with all that was considered an absurdity during the "Scopes Trial." Even some of his "rightist" friends would not swallow that. *Herbert T. Rosenfeld*

Work to be done

New York City

Dear Sirs: In your issue of Jan. 20, Jerome Grossman had an interesting article, entitled "The Peace 'Crowd,'" based on his reactions to a national conference organized by Turn Toward Peace and a group of prominent Americans. . . . As one involved in that conference . . . I think Mr. Grossman overstated his criticisms.

The conference in its membership and in the quality of discussion did not achieve everything that we sought. What conference ever has? However, not only I but a lot of its members and correspondents rated it much higher than Mr. Grossman. . . .

But Mr. Grossman is right that there is a lot of work to be done. The concern of Turn Toward Peace is threefold: (1) to help find and increase areas of agreement and possible action by the organizations constituting our very fragmented peace movement; (2) to promote constructive discussion of differences; and (3) to bring into the main stream of American life and action on peace the wide range of organizations, churches, labor unions, etc., which do care about saving our race from nuclear war but fight shy of specific peace and disarmament societies. Without this widening of concern, discussion and action, we are in a bad way. I speak as a long-time member of various of the peace groups which do a necessary work but do not constitute a *movement*, for instance in the sense that we now have a civil rights movement. Mr. Grossman apparently thinks that they do, and at the end of his article puts them in sharp contrast to the "peace crowd which has lately been assuaged by the partial test-ban agreement. . . ."

It hurts the cause of finding in action the necessary alternative to war when devoted men like Mr. Grossman insist on a kind of competition between what he incorrectly calls a peace *movement* — I wish it were — and a "peace group." There is—there must be if we are to avert war—an area of growing understanding and cooperation which it will take more than one conference to develop but to which I think our December conference made a larger contribution than Mr. Grossman's article suggests.

Norman Thomas, Co-chairman
Turn Toward Peace

Coffin nails

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I near busted a gut when I read the editorial, "The Rugged Smoker," in *The Nation* of Jan. 27. It was written with a feeling of audacity . . . that captures America's original spirit.

Jim Colvin

A few lines

Andover, N.J.

Dear Sirs: I was delighted to see, in the Jan. 27 issue of *The Nation*, the article by Harold Feldman, "Oswald and the FBI." I submit, for your correspondence columns, a few verses in which I have voiced similar sentiments:

Lines Anent an Inquiry

A loner in the Lone Star State
Where he was resident

A loner in the Lone Star State
He shot our President?

A loner in the Lone Star State
We know of his defections

But who is likely to relate
Just what were his connections?

Kenneth Burke

Witness

New York City

Dear Sirs: When I heard Marina Oswald say (after nine weeks in the "protective custody" of the Secret Service), "Facts tell me that Lee shot Kennedy," I felt as outraged, as humiliated, as morally defiled as I did the day I learned that Hitler was sending Jews to the gas chamber under guard of their own desperate, brainwashed relatives. . . . *Taylor Adams*

THE NATION

Monday, February 17, 1964
Volume 198, No. 8

In this issue

EDITORIALS

157

158 Cartoon (JAF)

ARTICLES

159 Dominican Republic: The Goons Again
Norman Gall

162 Atlanta: Fruits of Tokenism
Pat Watters

165 Sex on the Campus: Evaded Problem
Lester A. Kirkendall

167 Bonus for Babies
Ian Sclanders

168 Starting Gun in New Hampshire
James Desmond

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

170 Pride, Prejudice and Wit
John Daniel

171 Heart for the Gods
Hayden Carruth

173 Lincoln Rejects a Bodyguard
C. Carroll Hollis

175 Films
Robert Hatch

176 Theatre
Harold Clurman

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 176)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
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Elizabeth Sutherland, Books and the Arts
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De Gaulle and Asia

The origin of the word "solve" is to loosen, *dis*solve. If General de Gaulle's plan to establish diplomatic relations with Communist China goes through, that is what he will have accomplished. There will be a Sino-Western problem for years to come — one has only to read history to realize how chronic it is. There will be trouble between China and her neighbors, that is chronic too. The conflict between the USSR and Communist China is a relative novelty, since the existence of both regimes goes back only a few decades, but they are not likely to fall into each other's arms in the near future. Just the same de Gaulle has set in motion forces which promise to shake loose some of these conflicts sufficiently so that they will no longer be a dammed-up threat to world peace. He has done this purely in pursuit of France's interests, while American policy has resulted only in exacerbation and stalemate.

We have contained China, and our situation in South Vietnam shows the price we have paid. We cannot win and we cannot extricate ourselves. This impasse is the inevitable result of wishful diplomacy which a statesmen like de Gaulle would never allow himself. We intervened in Vietnam on the assumption that it was a nation beleaguered by alien Communists, holding out its hands to the United States for help. The truth is that South Vietnam is a nation of poverty-stricken peasants (both urban and rural) ruled by a pseudo-Christian and apostate Buddhist oligarchy, the military branch of which is largely American-trained and entirely American-armed. This Southeast Asian proletariat may have no great love for the Viet Cong, but it prefers them to their own generals and to the Americans, with their helicopters and napalm, which kill as many innocent peasants as guerrillas. The Chinese and North Vietnamese take advantage of this situation: the former can't cross the Formosa Strait, but they can bog us down in Vietnam.

Any solution must take China into account and China is Peking, not Taipei. De Gaulle, and most of the world outside of the United States, has long recognized this fact, and after prudent reconnaissance de Gaulle has acted on it. If we follow his example, we may be able to extricate ourselves, but the chances are that we will continue on an obstinate and hopeless course. President Johnson has threatened to extend the war to North Vietnam; on the MacArthur thesis in the Korean War, he proposes to invade the privileged sanctuary. Whether this is a merely verbal threat no one outside the National Security Council can say. The government seems to be in such disarray, with even the perspicacious Secretary McNamara contradicting himself — in one and the same interview he said the war is going badly, but also it is going pretty well — that anything can happen. Great countries, like great men, can make great mistakes.

The French have a long-standing interest in both North and South Vietnam, and excellent ties and connections North and South. The fact that they were defeated and lost Indo-China now redounds to their advantage; they are no longer overlords, but equals in Southeast Asia. They are re-establishing relations with China in order to influence these interests favorably. They also see a chance to do some business, perhaps lucrative in the long run. Joseph Barry writes in the *New York Post* from Paris that M. Georges-Picot, president of the French Manufacturers Association, returned from China with the news that he could get a $100 million order. "How," he was asked, "will the Chinese pay for it? Even credits fall due eventually." Said Georges-Picot: "Credits, *mon ami,* are the modern way a government subsidizes its industries."

It is for all these reasons, perhaps, that in a week when most of the U.S. press was denouncing de Gaulle as a perverse and obstinate, if not senile, old man, both *Time* and *Newsweek* carried articles that reflected considerable admiration for French diplomacy. "There are many in Washington and elsewhere," reported *Newsweek*, "who believe that the Gaullist initiative on China is basically salutary."

Ranger and Apollo

Ranger 6 carried two batteries of TV cameras — six in all — to take pictures of the moon. The marksmanship was brilliant: as launched, the vehicle would have missed the moon by 600 miles; a mid-course correction put it on line directly to the Sea of Tranquillity. But finally the whole project turned from a triumph into a flop. "6th Try, $250 Million, No Moon Photo," one headline read.

What happened? We may never know. There were two cameras in one circuit, four in the other, but neither group worked. They shared a high-gain antenna and the output and input circuits; this would indicate a failure in one or the other of the shared portions of the wiring. But that might be entirely erroneous. Destructive radiation is another possibility, but again only a hypothesis. And there are others. It is not easy doing electronic detective work on a maze of circuits which were 236,000 miles away when it happened, and now are dust.

The moral, however, is clear. Without reconnaissance by Ranger (and Surveyor which is even farther behind schedule) there can be no Apollo moon shot. We have to know what the lunar surface is like before we can even think of landing men on it. NASA is constantly telling us that Apollo is within the present state of the art. *The Nation* has been reiterating that it is not. *The Nation* is not opposed to the moon project; it is opposed to making a cold-war prestige race out of what should be a serious, deliberate, scientific venture. The loss of Ranger 6 and another few million

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dollars is nothing. On the contrary, it is salutary. What happened to Ranger is much more likely to happen to the far more complicated ferry, carrying two astronauts, which is supposed to detach itself from a mother ship orbiting the moon, then rendezvous with the mother ship and return to earth. It could be a brilliant success, but the astronauts could be dead.

We are told we must make it to the moon in this decade. What is so important about 1969? Couldn't we wait until 1972? Is the moon threatening to walk out on us if we don't make an early visit? Ranger 6 is a timely warning.

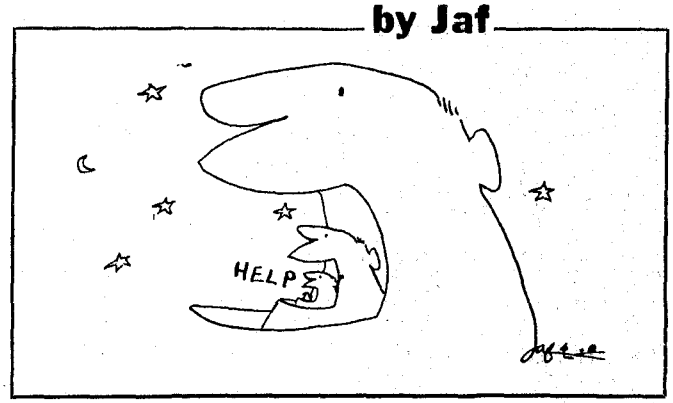
From Demonstration to Politics

Today's marches, sit-ins and other forms of direct action reflect the failure of our politics to give adequate voice to the discontents of Negroes and other racial minorities (see "A Time of Demonstrations," *The Nation*, November 9, 1963). But the demonstrations themselves are now beginning to have clear political implications; a new energy is animating our politics. In the recent one-day school boycott in New York, 464,362 pupils stayed out — in bad weather. There is no blinking the political implications of a demonstration of this magnitude, the largest yet staged anywhere. Bayard Rustin, one of the organizers, is quoted as saying: "I think we are on the threshold of a new political movement—and I do not mean it in the party sense—that is going to change the face of New York in housing, in jobs and in schools."

The next day's newspapers confirmed his statement. In a four-part story on the impact of the boycott, *The New York Times* used these separate subheads: "Mayor's Top Problem," "Disunity on Board," "New Rights Leaders," "Puerto Rican Gains," which succinctly suggest the almost instantaneous political impact of a well-organized boycott that was brought off without incident. It is too early to assess the full impact of the demonstration, but one can already see that it released a flood of political energy. A Negro housewife put it brilliantly: "It'll shake people up; make them realize what's been going on beneath the surface all along. . . . Negroes needed shaking up too. The movement was here all along. Very few of the white people knew or really understood it. They said they were for it, but they really didn't pay much attention to it." They will now.

Throughout the postwar period the absence of any kind of pressure from the "left" side of the spectrum has been frequently bewailed in these pages. Now a political movement, representing a very large minority element (Negroes, Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans, et al.), with genuine grievances, has come into being. Its objectives, social and economic, can be realized through political action. The movement is beginning to be well organized; it has developed a cadre of brilliant organizers; it has some fine tacticians and spokesmen; it has the weight of the American tradition on its side, and its objectives, if attained, would be of enormous help to the nation, economically and in other ways. In an affluent America, the people have needed

by Jaf



"shaking up," the minorities included, and it is good that a time of demonstrations is now turning into a season of new politics.

The Shoo-in Fallacy

The shoo-in is one of the most hallowed and durable of political errors, and the most immune to experience. If ever there was a shoo-in it was Thomas E. Dewey in 1948. Mr. Truman had the advantage of being in the White House, but the incumbent is not invulnerable — only in a good spot at the starting gate. Not only is November, 1964, quite a way off, but there are all kinds of indications that Mr. Johnson is in trouble right now, and may be in worse trouble before the fateful day rolls around. One has only to look at the headlines.

(1) What *The Wall Street Journal* calls the "dual image" of Johnson — Johnson the master parliamentarian and political know-how artist, but also Johnson the wheeler and dealer, Johnson the *arriviste*, Johnson the "stepfather" of Bobby Baker. This latter Johnson, if one consolidates the three sub-images into one, can be hit by a fragment of the live grenade which Sen. B. Everett Jordan, chairman of the committee now hearing the Baker evidence, complains has been dropped into his lap. President Eisenhower was a military hero: he was scarcely more scarred by the Sherman Adams affair than General Grant was by the far more flagrant scandals of his administration. Scandal could not have touched President Kennedy personally: he was too wealthy. Johnson, though rich, is not in that league.

(2) The multifarious and far-flung troubles of the United States abroad. These are certainly not exclusively of Mr. Johnson's making, but he happens to be President, consequently a convenient target for the public's frustration and resentment. Put your finger on almost any spot on the map, and there an indigenous statesman is flouting Uncle Sam's advice, a mob is tearing down the American flag or putting a torch to the U.S. information library, or shouting "Yankee go home!" Since the end of World War II, the United States has allied itself with too many reactionary elements in too many places; besides which, it suffers the penalty of being wealthy and satisfied in a poor and bitter world. These world perplexities do not augur

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well for Mr. Johnson, and he may be tempted to bring off some coup to soothe the national ego. However, all the possibilities are risky.

(3) If the present accumulation of foreign outbursts at this juncture is bad luck, it is also in one respect deserved. Mr. Johnson is really inexpert in foreign affairs (giving a truck to a Pakistani camel driver does not make one a statesman). Skilled advisers can help, but Mr. Rusk is not the greatest of American foreign ministers and the Kennedy team is breaking up. Mr. Johnson gave a singularly inept performance at his TV press conference when he tried to deal with General de Gaulle and South Vietnam. He was even worse on the shooting down of the U.S. aircraft over East Germany. Twenty-four hours earlier, U.S. officials, having verified that the Soviet fighters had tried to get the U.S. plane to land and had fired warning shots, had decided not to make anything of the incident, but Mr. Johnson was still crying outrage.

(4) Stories are coming out of Washington, particularly in the business press, that the regulatory agencies are "taking it easy" in an effort to regenerate "business confidence." By definition, if these agencies are doing a good job, business will be protesting, and when business is not protesting, they are usually doing a bad job. Democratic nominees have prospered most at the polls when they let it be known by word and deed that they were not out to win "business confidence" at the expense of the general run of taxpayers and consumers.

Add these items and others together, and the situation would seem to fall somewhat short of a shoo-in. Yet the pundits have the President virtually re-elected. According to them, everyone — more or less — is for him: labor, the Southerners, the Negroes, farmers, a large section of the business community, the liberals, many Republicans who voted for Nixon, and most independents. Spokesmen for independent voters are throwing their bargaining power away by announcing their early commitment to the President because they, too, feel that he is a shoo-in. Even the Republicans, off-the-record, voice deep misgivings about their chances in 1964. But the Republicans need not be downcast — unless, driven by a fatal compulsion, they insist on nominating a sure loser. As an independent paper now publishing continuously for nearly a hundred years, *The Nation* does not share the shoo-in fallacy. We should be delighted to support a qualified Republican. We have not done so in this century, but the Republicans haven't given us much chance.

Zip Go the Reds

The Communist Party's efforts to secure a place on the election ballot in Arizona, the home of Cadillac cowboys and other variants of the Southwest's *nouveau riche*, has been rejected, the Assistant Attorney General of Arizona having said that a 1961 state law "flatly prohibits official representation" for the Communists. The letter of rejection sent to the party sets forth a new basis for the determination of subversive tendencies so simple of application that, if generally adopted, it might endanger the vested interests of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. "The subversive nature of your organization," reads a passage of the letter, "is even more clearly designated by the fact that you do not even include your zip code on your letter."

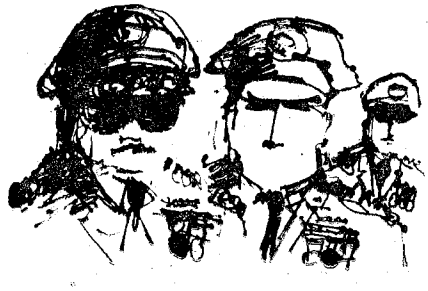
Dominican Republic

The Goons Again . . . . . Norman Gall

Santo Domingo

The Dominican Republic, five months after the ouster of President Juan Bosch, is evolving into a police state with a mounting record of brutality and corruption. [See "The Fall of Juan Bosch," also by Norman Gall, *The Nation*, October 26, 1963.] The 12,000-man National Police, allied with a new political party of conservative businessmen and leaders of the old Trujillo regime, has emerged as a major political force in this tense, confused nation, again the scene of arbitrary imprisonments, corruption in public office, invasions of private homes and the death of political opponents.

Military domination returned to the Dominican Republic on September 25 when a coup ousted the seven-month-old Bosch regime and installed a puppet civilian junta representing six right-wing political parties. In the 1962 election, Bosch won by a 62 per cent majority. Five of the six parties which backed the coup and the new regime have virtually no following; together they polled only 6 per cent of the vote in 1962.



Scores of democratic political leaders have been deported without judicial process and hundreds of others have been arrested. In December, the puppet triumvirate suspended constitutional guarantees against arbitrary imprisonment. Special permits are required for political meetings; long-distance calls are monitored and taped by the government.

From the jails come persistent stories of beatings and torture. One beating resulted in the death early last month of Francisco José Rod-

Norman Gall has frequently visited the Dominican Republic as a reporter for the San Juan Star.

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riguez Socias, who had been arrested in the north-coast town of Monte Cristi on suspicion of possessing illegal weapons. The original police version of Rodriguez's death, which occurred while he was being transported from Monte Cristi to Santo Domingo, was that it happened when he tried to escape from a moving police vehicle. But Monte Cristi citizens, when they heard this story, closed their shops in protest and forced an autopsy which proved a severe beating to be the cause of death. The five policemen involved are now under arrest.

On December 22, government sources announced that a band of seventeen leftist guerrillas, headed by Manuel Tavarez Justo, leader of the pro-Castro June 14th Movement, had committed mass suicide after being surrounded by police and army troops at Las Manaclas in the province of Santiago. A day later Maj. Gen. Victor Elby Viñas Roman changed the story to say that the guerrillas were killed in combat in which government forces suffered no casualties.

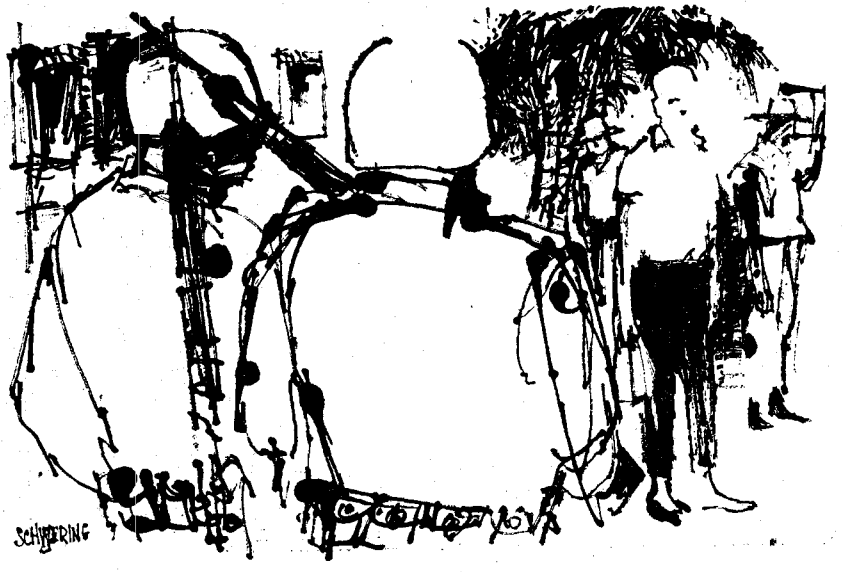
The true details of the death of the seventeen guerrillas, the last of more than 300 pursued in the mountains by government troops since late November, have been kept secret. The following account is one that I received from reliable opposition sources.

On December 21, twenty-two young men were all that remained of the decimated guerrilla operation. Tavarez, the leader, had a high fever and most of the others were suffering from hunger and exhaustion after being chased for several days. That Saturday afternoon they decided to surrender and sent a party of four, unarmed and carrying a white flag, from the mountain to the main highway far below to make contact with government troops.

The four youths flagged down a jeep full of soldiers and told the lieutenant in command that they and others descending the mountain wished to surrender. The lieutenant ordered them to disrobe. As one of them stooped to untie his shoe laces he was mowed down by machine-gun fire. Two more were quickly shot, but the officer prevented the soldiers from killing the guerrilla carrying the white flag because he knew the youth. At this writing the sole survivor, Emilio Cordero Michel, is being held in the prison at Santo Domingo.

Meanwhile, Tavarez and thirteen others had abandoned their weapons and were approaching the main road. Many of the youths had washed and shaved, some had even changed clothes. Warned of their coming by the advance party, government troops surrounded the fourteen, who were marching with hands in the air, and opened fire. The bodies were stripped of watches and rings by the troops and thrown into a mass grave. The slaughter was witnessed by four guerrillas who remained on the mountain, and who later escaped.

Protesting the slaughter, Emilio de los Santos, a timid, muddy-eyed functionary who had been National Elections Board chairman in 1962, resigned as head of the Provisional Triumvirate. The other two members promptly named Donald Reid Cabral, businessman son of a manager of the Royal Bank of Canada branch in Santo Domingo, to succeed him. Four of the six pocket parties that had formed the government were thrown out for protesting this move. The two remaining were the oligarchical National Civic Union and the Vanguardia Revolucionaria Dominicana, a small party run by Horacio Ornes, brother of the editor of the powerful, pro-regime newspaper, *El Caribe*.



In the course of the guerrilla uprising and the mass arrests of members of Bosch's party, Brig. Gen. Belisario Peguero Guerrero, chief of the National Police, has become a key figure in the struggle for domination of the country. His 12,000-man force, its efficiency greatly enhanced by $400,000 in riot-control training and equipment supplied by the United States Agency for International Development, could be opposed on anything approaching equal terms only by the tanks and the jet fighters of the Dominican air force.

Peguero's position has been strengthened in recent weeks, not only by new, sweeping powers of arrest and detention, but also by the 1964 police budget of $37.8 million, double the 1963 figure, which equals the combined (and augmented) appropriations now received by the Dominican army, navy and air force.

A burly veteran of twenty-six years with the police, though a mere lieutenant when Trujillo died, Peguero has absolute control over these funds — as well as over appointments, promotion and discipline — under a 1962 police autonomy law passed at the insistence of Brig. Gen. Antonio Imbert Barreras and Luis Amiama Tio, who were members of the Provisional State Council which ruled the country for fourteen months between the overthrow of the Trujillo regime and Bosch's February, 1963, inauguration. Under the 1962 autonomy law, the police chief cannot be removed from his job unless he is convicted of a crime. Using policemen as construction laborers, Peguero has just built a large and luxurious home near the fashionable Embajador Hotel and across the street from the residence of Imbert.

Oon December 3, Amiama announced the birth of the Partido

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Liberal Evolucionista (PLE) in a newspaper advertisement containing the names of some of the Dominican Republic's most eminent citizens. Peguero has thrown his police behind the right-wing PLE, which has mushroomed as a political force. Among its charter members are former Trujillo ministers and representatives of the country's leading business interests and influential families.

A former gas-station attendant who rose to become mayor of Santo Domingo under Trujillo, Amiama devotes himself to recruiting new members for PLE. He is constantly traveling about the city and countryside, accompanied by three carloads of National Police. Imbert, for his part, invites rural landlords, at the mercy of police in outlying areas, to come to Santo Domingo and visit him at the Presidential Palace. Many have joined PLE after such visits. Rural policemen are reported to be urging peasants to join the party.

The United States hastily recognized the shaky provisional government on December 14, informed sources say, because the triumvirate gave signs of collapse: there was fighting in the hills and two rival military conspiracies were evolving. One group united Imbert, Amiama, Peguero, armed forces Inspector General Felix Hermida (Peguero's brother-in-law) and a group of army generals from Trujillo's home town of San Cristobal. The second was led by air force chief Brig. Gen. Miguel Atila Luna, and Brig. Gen. Elias Wessin y Wessin, military leader of the anti-Bosch coup and commander of the strategically decisive tank and infantry forces from the San Isidro Air Force Base near here. United States diplomats, negotiating continually with military and civilian leaders since the September 26 rupture of diplomatic relations, intervened to form a third group — composed of armed forces minister Maj. Gen. Victor Elby Viñas Roman and the chiefs of the army and navy — to block the other two conspiracies. This was done on the night of December 14, when tanks and troops were moved into the streets to defend the Presidential Palace, and when aircraft, infantry and tanks were being mobilized at the San Isidro Air Force Base.

Ill feeling between the air force and police factions dates back to 1962, when Atila Luna denied Imbert and Peguero air force tanks and artillery they requested for the National Police. The police later got antiaircraft guns from the army. Last November 19, the air force sent World War II Mustangs on menacing low-level flights over the capital, to show the police who was boss. One of the eight fighters crashed in downtown Santo Domingo, killing several persons and maiming others.

However, an apparent break in the deadlock between police and air force occurred on January 24, with a major shake-up in the military high command. Atila Luna, who had been quarreling bitterly with Imbert and Peguero, was replaced as air force commander. Brig. Gen. Salvador Agosto Montas Guerrero, associated with the Imbert-Amiama group, was named chief of the republic's 12,000-man army. The changes were said to have been urged by the U.S. military mission to avoid bloodshed among the armed forces.

As these power shifts have developed in the five months since Bosch's ouster, an epidemic of corruption has infected official life. It extends from the canteen purchases of army privates to the legal machinations of a powerful ex-President.

As in most of Latin America, the right to buy duty-free imports is one of the chief devices for pampering the Dominican army. Opened in 1962 by the Provisional State Council, the military canteens have become the basis for a major wholesale industry in Santo Domingo. Good whiskey sells in city stores for $8.50 a fifth; it can be bought by the military for $2.50 and resold for a handsome profit. The same situation applies to food and other household items. Santo Domingo merchants, many of whom agitated for Bosch's overthrow, complained when they found themselves outflanked and outranked by competitors in uniform. The practice was finally ended in late September as part of the military shakeup.

Principal architect of the September coup, ex-President Rafael F. Bonnelly, is a close political adviser of Antonio Imbert, and two of his protégés sit on the three-man civilian junta. This has meant a windfall for Bonnelly's law firm, which is taking a 50 per cent commission from persons who wish to collect old debts or who seek restoration of properties, nationalized when the Trujillo dictatorship fell. Claimants are informed that Bonnelly's law firm is the only channel through which such business can be transacted.

The United States has met with little but catastrophe in its efforts to bring a civilized, democratic government to the Dominican Republic. Its embassy, next door to the old Trujillo mansion, was without an ambassador from late September until William Tapley Bennett, Jr., a career foreign service officer with previous experience in the Dominican Republic, was named to

the post, January 31. Some fifty-five AID technicians abandoned the country with the rupture of diplomatic relations, and an intensive assistance program which committed $85 million to the country in the past two years now stands idle. The second-string diplomats still in charge of the embassy display an insecurity engendered by the Bosch overthrow, the Kennedy assassination, the deterioration of the Dominican political situation and the shake-up now going on in the Latin American division of the State Department.

The United States had hoped to show the world through its work in the Dominican Republic that the Alliance for Progress is a sensible as well as necessary scheme. It must now decide whether or not to defend the Dominican people against their own army and police. Elementary liberties are rapidly eroding. Despite official promises of elections within eighteen months, conditions for free elections do not exist, and another military dictatorship seems to be on the way. Again we must decide on which side we stand in Latin America.

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Atlanta: Fruits of Tokenism . . . . . Pat Watters

Atlanta

"With justifiable pride we have viewed Atlanta's progress in racial amity," said Mayor Ivan Allen, Jr., at an emergency meeting of white and Negro leaders, held on January 29. "We have enjoyed the admiration of people throughout the nation. . . . But now the events of the past several weeks bring doubts that we appreciate fully what Atlanta has accomplished. . . ."

The meeting was scheduled after a late January weekend of downtown civil rights demonstrations that police called the most dangerous in the city's recent history. On one night, some 150 demonstrators faced about twenty robed Klansmen, a foot apart, swapping shouted insults. Later, a fist fight flared briefly between whites and Negroes. The next night, demonstrators repeatedly tried to force their way past bouncers blocking the door of a restaurant, a dozen or more pushing three or four from behind. The bouncers shoved and kicked; once they swung the entrance ropes, felt-covered metal with chromium ends. Two young Negro women were sent to the hospital. Throughout both demonstrations silent spectators, white and Negro, packed the adjoining sidewalks. These watchers were the main potential danger of the situation.

"Is it because," Mayor Allen asked in his speech, "Atlanta has made such a progressive record in bettering human relations and equalizing human rights that irresponsible elements seek to halt our progress and make our city look like a Birmingham, a Hattiesburg or a Jackson, Mississippi?"

It was not quite that way, of course, but the Mayor was close. What Atlanta faced, blinking and startled, was a relatively new development in the racial revolution — the driving dissatisfaction with token desegregation.

Atlanta was among the few Deep South cities to bow to the demands of the original sit-ins for desegregation of the usual lunch counters and theatres. This, along with the avoidance of violence and even a show of good grace in the court-enforced desegregation of schools, colleges and other facilities, made the city famous as a Deep South leader in race relations. Considering the stubborn defiance of most other Deep South cities, the reputation was justified.

But to the large, sophisticated Negro population, it seemed increasingly clear that the city was getting too much praise for too little desegregation. This population holds the balance of power in city elections, and has elected a Negro state senator, as well as a Negro school board member. It includes the nation's largest Negro educational center, its richest Negro business community, and the headquarters of the two most militant Negro organizations, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC).

A case study in contrasting viewpoints of the white and Negro Southerner was the difference between the sincere pride of Mayor Allen in the list of the various token desegregations of schools, public accommodations, hospitals and jobs, and the scorn with which Dr. King dismissed the same achievements. "Hard and ugly facts about conditions in Atlanta," he called them in a recent speech. By last year, most cities of the upper South and border states led Atlanta in such advances, and so did even some of its Deep South neighbors. Memphis had more desegregation in schools and public accommodations, New Orleans in schools, and little old Savannah, Georgia, in public accommodations.

Contempt for tokenism was behind the campaign that finally broke loose here in January. A similar campaign was under way in Chapel Hill, N. C., and the same attitude was behind many of the demonstrations throughout the old sit-in territory of the upper South and border states last summer, and in many cities of the North. John Lewis, president of SNCC, has said such campaigns will play a large part in the direct action of 1964.

In the North, particularly, such campaigns have run into considerable resistance from public opinion, and threaten a so-called polarization of attitudes toward the Negro movement. Seen in the Deep South setting of Atlanta, the problems raised by such campaigns may be a little better understood. They are far more complex than the simple assault on the stone-wall segregation of the Deep South. In Atlanta, the greatest difficulty has been with the related problems of Negro strategy, public opinion and the delicate line between violent and nonviolent demonstrations.

The strategy most criticized here has been that employed by SNCC, as in the demonstrations which prompted the emergency meeting. Such criticism has to be considered in the light of what intimates of SNCC term both its greatest strength and greatest weakness — the fact that it concerns itself practically not at all with strategy as such. It is an organization, they say, in which spontaneity rules, and in which strategy is often nothing more than the acts of individuals, moved largely by intuition.

Part of the local criticism of strategy is based on such things as a battle plan drawn up, not by SNCC, but by Wyatt T. Walker of SCLC. This paragraph from it was quoted in the press: "Atlanta will be a difficult city in which to find a 'sensitive' spot. Police conduct will be exemplary. However, under the proper pressure, the presence of segregation in Atlanta will cause it to break. Persistence must be the theme."

The hope, if such there was, of provoking police brutality in Atlanta, aside from questions of its moral legitimacy, is generally considered a dim one. Police Chief Herbert Jenkins is far too smart a man, and by his record, too humane a man, to allow it. The assignment of a majority of Negro police to squads controlling demonstrations also works against it. (Faces impassive, they performed their peculiar duty at the demonstrations, ignoring a few white insults, arresting demonstrators, lifting them gingerly when they refused to walk. Only rarely did the mask slip.

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"Hush," said one to a loud-talking demonstrator. "Don't make a lot of noise. You-all are doing just fine.")

On a second point of strategy, some observers wondered why attacks did not concentrate on closing many restaurants simultaneously. The explanation would seem to lie in spontaneity. Police in early January had declared that they would no longer arrest sit-in demonstrators without warrants. This seemed to open the way for teams of Negroes to close every segregated restaurant during peak hours. The owner would have faced the choice of serving Negroes (or at least allowing them to sit at a table) or closing down while waiting for warrants.

Such a campaign seemed to be under way against two chains of restaurants. But when the United Nations Subcommission on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities came to Atlanta on the weekend of January 25 (visits of outside dignitaries have become commonplace in this "showcase of the South"), demonstrators suddenly moved on a single restaurant, Leb's. Its owner, Charles Lebedin, had in the past put up the noisiest resistance of all to demonstrators, and he was in good form on the weekend of January 25. This attracted the attention of the UN group and the press, prompted the mayor to call his meeting, and had other results — among them the reversion of police to a policy of arresting sit-ins under a Georgia antitrespass law. A real weapon against the restaurants was lost.

However, even if these demonstrations had been pure and perfect, they would have roused much criticism in Atlanta. It is not the passions of prejudice that are lamented in the South, but the deliberate stirring of them by demonstrators. It is not the Klansmen who are deplored, but their being brought out by the demonstrations. It is not the bravery of demonstrators, or the beauty of their cause, that people let themselves see. It is usually anything — including irrelevancies — except the chrome-tipped entrance ropes swung at demonstrators.

This unfair public reflex was operating against SNCC, but at times the demonstrators seemed to go out of their way to be used as scapegoats. Such tactics as lying down in front of paddy wagons, rocking them from within and pounding on the walls, and refusing to walk when arrested, are debatable in the strictest sense of nonviolence. Beyond this, however, friends of the movement here, white and Negro, were upset by reports of even more serious incidents. One was that a demonstrator had kicked a policeman in the groin, that others had roughed up police at a demonstration the weekend before the UN visit. Police told of unruliness in jail, of a trusty's leg being broken while he was carrying a demonstrator who refused to walk. SNCC spokesmen either denied the reports, or depreciated them, claiming provocation beyond human endurance. Certainly, the miracle of direct action in general, and even at this stage in Atlanta, has been the relatively little violence coming from Negroes. The bland assumption that Negroes should display superhuman forbearance underlies all criticism from whites, whether friends or enemies.

The whole question of violence, or more commonly the nonviolence that apparently seeks to provoke violence, is a major dilemma of the civil rights movement, and was classically illustrated in Atlanta. The demonstrations here were preceded by two months of probably the most peaceful, most public and most dignified negotiations ever undertaken in the direct-action movement. Yet it is doubtful if the majority of white citizens were even aware of them. Certainly they showed little concern. Nationally, this remarkable display of orderly negotiation was ignored; it wasn't news. But after two weeks of demonstrations, accompanied by perhaps dubious behavior, everyone was talking. Mayor Allen called his meeting; efforts were being made to work out solutions (including the setting up of a civil rights section in city government), and the press of the nation and the world was excited about Atlanta.

By early fall, it had seemed inevitable that a demonstration debacle would shatter the Atlanta image. Instead, there came the summit conference. This was a confederation of leaders of eighty-two Negro organizations, including the militant SNCC and SCLC, the NAACP, and even the Urban League, normally aloof from direct action; voter groups, church groups, students. More than 200 Negro leaders were involved, from most conservative to most militant.

On November 1, the summit is-

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sued a pamphlet that made demands for an "open city" on the North Carolina pattern. It called for desegregation or improvements in public accommodations, employment, housing, education, voting, health and social services and law enforcement.

During November, committees of the summit got hearings before the Board of Aldermen, the county commission, the Atlanta Board of Education, the county's state legislative delegation, the Chamber of Commerce, the Retail Merchants' Association and an organization of religious leaders. These negotiations were public, with the ultra-respectable, middle-class committee members making extraordinarily dignified presentations.

The whole thing was impressive. Clarence D. Coleman, director of the Southern Regional Office of the National Urban League in Atlanta, enthusiastically talked of it as a model for Northern cities. Conservative leaders could negotiate; militants stood ready to demonstrate; working together, they could overcome the weaknesses of each approach. No white person in Atlanta could complain of negotiation under pressure; no one could say there hadn't been ample warning.

Results, however, continued to be unspectacular. Almost every group before which the committees appeared, including the aldermen and Chamber of Commerce, passed resolutions endorsing the summit's objectives. But there was no action, and public accommodations, now a symbol as well as a goal, demanded action. Mayor Allen, eschewing use of such pressure as was available to him in the areas of licensing and inspections, finally called for an ordinance in his annual address to aldermen. (He had previously appointed a committee, largely white, to try to solve racial difficulties.) But conflicts with state law were seized as new reason for delay.

Fourteen hotels and motels finally desegregated in January. It was too little, too late. By December, activists were pressing for demonstrations, and weren't satisfied with a peaceful march to a downtown park for speeches in freezing weather on December 14. The case for demonstrations was meanwhile bolstered by such successes as that scored by a non-summit drive for jobs. It picketed a downtown store, and shortly afterward jobs for Negroes in sixteen stores were announced. SNCC members, acting independently of the summit, began sitting in at Toddle House restaurants shortly before Christmas. The owners, Dobbs House of Memphis, agreed to desegregation in Atlanta, Memphis and possibly other cities. SNCC immediately began sitting in at Krystal and Morrison restaurants.

Finally, the summit, after nearly breaking up in arguments between conservatives and militants, announced endorsement of these SNCC "limited" demonstrations. Dr. King said that a major campaign in Atlanta seemed inevitable. James Forman, executive secretary of SNCC, said it had already begun.

Then the UN came to town, and suddenly the world was aware of a new racial crisis.

The dilemma of negotiation or action poses the danger of winning a battle of Atlanta, but losing the war for the hearts and minds of Atlanta's white men and women. It is one of the toughest problems that the campaigns against tokenism must solve. Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, in a speech significant for having been delivered in Atlanta while demonstrations were going full blast, isolated the problem:

> *In some places outside the South, some of our tactics are causing questions to be raised about our campaign among, not our opponents, but among some of our own people and our potential allies. Here in the South, some procedures are undermining those persons in strategic positions who have supported us. These procedures are also reviving hard-core opponents who had been repudiated and all but forgotten in the struggle. And, most seriously, some tactics have won support for the segregationists from that reservoir of public opinion that might well have been won — or neutralized — by us.*

Wilkins urged a diversity of strategy to fit conditions: "Where one weapon is sufficient, let it be employed. Where a combination is required, let it be used."

The young militants of SNCC — coming in for Atlanta demonstrations from beleaguered battle stations in the super-segregated Black Belt—often seem incapable of making distinctions between the total segregationist and the token desegregationist. And that difference may be the whole point of such situations as the one in Atlanta.

Meanwhile, Atlanta seems to illustrate almost perfectly the need for a public-accommodations law. The whole power structure of the city tried in vain to avert the demonstrations by getting restaurants to desegregate. The hard resistance of restaurant owners can be explained on several levels. When a few did desegregate last spring, segregationist pickets took the places of Negroes on the sidewalks. Lester Maddox, a restaurant owner himself and an often defeated segregationist politician, dispatched them to business rivals with whom he disagreed on the social issue. One such proprietor said that, between the two kinds of demonstrations, he lost $30,000 last year. Most restaurateurs are regarded as not so much segregationists themselves as fearful that their clients are.

Although the Atlanta Restaurant Association ran ads after the demonstrations of the UN weekend, proclaiming the case against a public-accommodations law, many observers thought the middle group of restaurant men would be glad to grab the law as an excuse. If the goal of such a law is to avoid conflict on the streets, Atlanta again proves its point. There would be little left to demonstrate against here if public accommodations were desegregated.

The failure of the restaurants to desegregate was of course symbolic of the larger failure which is the background, and the main point, of Atlanta's crisis. Largely unimpressive demonstrations last spring had failed to bring any lasting desegregation of hotels and restaurants. The addition during the summer of swimming pools to the list of municipal institutions open to everyone failed to quiet discontent with tokenism. Nor did this gesture by Mayor Allen's administration entirely offset the upset caused the previous winter by a barrier (the "Atlanta Wall") he erected in the middle of a racially disputed street as the solution to blockbusting.

In his letter from Birmingham city jail, Dr. King wrote: "You may well ask, 'Why direct action? . . .

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Isn't negotiation a better path?' You are exactly right in your call for negotiation. Indeed, this is the purpose of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and establish such a creative tension that a community that has consistently refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue."

So it was in Atlanta. Never was a city given such an opportunity to avoid trouble. When the trouble came, it took the form of this relatively new kind of campaign against tokenism, with all its complexities of tactics and strategy. Much of the reaction against the Negro movement last year in the North, the dreaded tendency toward polarization, can be traced to these same complexities. So perhaps the main lesson to be learned from Atlanta, with its exaggerated background of failure to respond to more conventional, more reasonable approaches, is the old, simple, basic, main question of direct action: What, in the beginning, is at fault?

During the height of the demonstrations in front of Leb's, County Commissioner Harold McCart complained to a white police officer that a business owner just shouldn't be subjected to such a thing.

"He has an alternative," the cop replied. "He could serve these folks."

Evaded Problem

Sex on the Campus . . . . . Lester A. Kirkendall

Magazines, newspapers and concerned individuals are currently trumpeting, or bewailing, the "revolution" in collegiate sexual morality. Students at one college or university after another have been pictured as "immoral." Vassar president, Miss Sarah Blanding, made headlines by suggesting that girls who had engaged in intercourse were not wanted at Vassar. News stories implied that were this standard applied, the Vassar campus might look singularly empty. Earlham College recently revoked Sunday visiting privileges in dormitories for men and women students, because too many doors were "being closed." The issue at Harvard has been the number of hours during which men and women might visit each other in their dormitory rooms.

Visits between the sexes in dormitory rooms may strike the uninformed as a startling innovation, but it has long been standard practice in those European colleges and universities that maintain dormitories. In other European universities students make their own living arrangements quite independently of the university authorities. Even in the United States the practice has passed the experimental stage at some of the smaller, privately supported schools. Thus, Reed College in Portland has had such dormitory visiting arrangements for the past twenty years.

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While the storm seems to have blown up around dormitory visiting hours, the issue is really much broader than that. It involves coming to grips with the sexual ethics and sexual behavior that now actually prevail in our entire society.

The problem being faced in the colleges cannot be understood except as we understand the extent to which we as a people have produced the problem. All of us, college students and adults, have become captives of the attitudes we have created. On the one hand, sex has been regarded with so much horror, disgust and fear that any honest and objective dialogue concerning it has become an impossibility. This is the case particularly when middle-aged or older members of society are involved. On the other hand, sex has been approached in a lascivious, salacious manner which has regarded it mainly as an indoor sport and closely associated with salesmanship. This is especially the approach taken in the entertainment world. The consequence has been to make objective, purposeful discussion almost impossible.

A typical illustration of this procedure is found in the news stories which discuss the moral situation in the colleges. They make the whole issue one of sensuality and imply that the students have taken an orgiastic approach to their relationships. The headlines, instead of focusing on the real issues in the situation, leer: "Harvard Boys Ask More Girls," "Collegiate Capers Behind Closed Doors Cause Chorus of Comment," or "More Sinning in Colleges." Any references to constructive approaches or efforts to work through issues are ignored in the scramble to be sensational.

Probably nothing is to be gained by trying to assess blame. If it should, however, come to a choice between youth and adults as to the responsibility for present conditions, I would say that the chaos we now face is the consequence of adult inhibitions, fears and hypocrisies.

I am a teacher and have dealt with young people for years. I have coped with the sex problems of two generations: young people with whose parents I worked are now coming to me for help. Thus I know that through all these years, youth in its teens has seriously sought help with sexual perplexities, and has consistently had its pleas ignored by the adult generation which should have helped it.

Morally speaking, today's youth is no better, and no worse, than its parents or grandparents. But because of the confusions and contradictions with which they are faced, young people today are certainly a very mixed-up generation. They also face a different situation than did prior generations, since the threats and dangers used to bolster the traditional standards of sexual behavior have now largely lost their power. It is to their credit, in my opinion, that contrary to the dismal laments about their declining moral sense, young people still speak openly, seek help and express a desire for understanding.

Even if the amount of premarital

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intercourse is increasing, and I think it is, youth in general is still concerned with standards which will fit the world in which it finds itself. Its members are also as respectful and as socially responsible as the youth of my own generation. What they need and would welcome, however, is some clear thinking about sex standards which takes present circumstances into account.

Dealing with the issue at the college level is complicated by the fact that there is no existing administrative office or procedure which offers promise of any really effective action. Pronouncements supporting chastity, as at Vassar, will accomplish nothing as far as the students are concerned. They may put the administration on public record as attempting "to hold the line," but the approach alienates the administration from the students and their problems. However, in the present climate of opinion, it is doubtful that the average administration can do much else on its own. It can help, perhaps, by stepping aside while some other group develops a program, but no college administration can afford to be so permissive in these matters that it becomes known as favoring "free love." And that is a certain outcome if the officials acknowledge that any possibility other than complete premarital chastity could even be considered.

The logical source of constructive help might seem to be the student personnel services which, on most campuses, are composed of the offices of the Dean of Men and Dean of Women, but these offices are also part of the administrative structure. Typically, college deans are more concerned with enforcing existing rules and promulgating new ones than in working educationally with students who are grappling with "the sexual revolution."

Material provided in the curriculum cannot be expected to be of much help. The college instructional program, like the rest of the culture, tends to evade any consideration of sex, and in any case the kind of instruction the students need would ordinarily be considered beneath the dignity of an academic program. While the students need (and want) some very down-to-earth discussion, the instructional program would likely offer technical details of reproductive biology, or an analysis of Freudian concepts.

Reliance upon literature, often the only source for student ideas on this subject, also falls short. A few of the more intellectual students may find what they need this way, but the bulk will not. Some help might come to a small group of students through campus religious organizations, if it were not for the fact that the leaders of these

organizations are commonly occupied with rationalizing the traditional patterns.

My own opinion, based upon years of experience, is that the only real hope for dealing with this situation constructively is the development of a face-to-face dialogue between youth and adults. Those who work with the young people must recognize that they have reached an age when the decision-making power is in their hands. The pros and cons of various sexual patterns must be discussed in the same objective manner as are other important decisions. This kind of program for colleges and universities was suggested by Edward C. Solomon in an article in the *Journal of the National Association of Women Deans and Counselors* for January, 1963. Dr. Solomon envisioned a setting in which informal discussion of sex would involve upperclassmen, lowerclassmen and faculty members. He wrote:

> *For students along the whole range of development toward maturity, these sessions, which might be held as part of dormitory or house programs (with a limited number of participants), or in connection with open campus-wide lectures, can provide a point of departure for talking about the spectrum of issues from chastity and monogamy in our society to birth control and the population explosion. Here also is one place to discuss the trend toward early marriage which concerns many educators and anthropologists. These forums can supply for the student who is ready to consider the implications of such questions the kind of legitimate, thoughtful information she needs in order to make responsible choices.*

I emphasize the need for face-to-face interchange, for it is only through hammering out ideas and concepts in prolonged and vigorous discussion that misconceptions can be cleared away and convictions established. Such an approach will, I suspect, demand much more from teachers and adult leaders than most of them feel able or ready to give. It will require much more direct verbal interchange and face-to-face dialogue between youth and adults than either generation has ever experienced. This will be particularly hard, since in our culture sex is seldom a topic of serious conversation among adults, and even less so between youth and adults.

The student newspaper of the University of Texas, *The Daily Texan*, commented on the reticences and inhibitions which surround sex in that university:

> *At this University, problems relating to sex have not been openly discussed. Ignorance that results in misery, myths that deprive humans of joy are the result. Sexual ethics and practices are vitally important to the lives and mental health of all. . . .*
>
> *The problems of a transitional morality are evident. We have long ignored them, and they do not go away.*

The Daily Texan might well have been speaking for schools all across the United States.

A few institutions, however, have adopted a more constructive course. Oberlin College sponsored a seminar, "Sex in Human Relations," in February, 1963. Over a period of eight days four lecturers came to

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the college to discuss various phases of sex. Each lecture was followed by open discussion from the floor, and this was followed by discussion groups for students and faculty.

Kansas State University sponsored a similar program in March, 1963, also providing lecturers and small, informal discussion groups for students and faculty. The University of Alaska sponsored a program and plans another for next year.

The examples of these institutions should produce more such projects in colleges and universities. An open, honest airing of sex problems that are now being faced by young people can hardly have other than beneficial results. Faculty and student leaders jointly should take an active role in developing ways in which the issues surrounding sexual morality could be discussed honestly and realistically.

Bonus for Babies . . . . . Ian Sclanders

Across the United States there have lately been signs of mounting concern over poverty in distressed areas, the high rate of school dropouts, the prevalence of unemployment, the painful impact of automation and the limping gait of the economy. Against this background of related problems, it is odd that Washington has not taken a close look at what the Family Allowances Act does for Canada.

A number of Americans have started wondering whether the concept of work should not be separated from the concept of income (the position taken by Robert Theobald in *The Nation's* special issue, "Abundance," May 11, 1963). And there is growing a conviction that conditions will increasingly compel governments to find ways to put money into the hands of people who are displaced by machines or who live in depressed regions. It is also becoming apparent that governments will have to discover how to keep the young in school until they gain the education today's jobs require, and how to bring about steady industrial expansion by steadily expanding consumer buying power.

One fairly effective approach to all this, to judge from Canada's experience, is for the federal treasury to send a monthly check to every mother, rich or poor, for each child under the age of sixteen.

This, or something like it, is done today by at least thirty nations. Of these, Canada, though its population is 19 million, compared with 190 million in the United States, is nearest to the United States economically and socially, as well as geographically. It is similar enough to offer a reliable glimpse of what the U.S. might expect were it to try family allowances.

The Canadian bonus plan had a rough launching in 1944. It was piloted through parliament by William Lyon Mackenzie King, the master strategist and resolute reformer who was Prime Minister longer than anyone else in his country's history—more than twenty-one of the twenty-seven years between 1921 and 1948. There were those in King's own Liberal Party who had serious misgivings about "baby bonuses," as they were soon dubbed. Conservatives fought hard against the plan and enlisted the support of Charlotte Whitton, then Canada's best-known social welfare expert, now Mayor of the Canadian capital, Ottawa. She predicted that a large proportion of parents would spend the checks, not on their children, but on themselves.

King's main arguments were:

(1) Family allowances would mean better food, clothing and medical and dental care for children in low-income families.

(2) Income-tax deductions for dependent children had already established the principle that parents raising children were entitled to financial concessions from the state, but didn't help those whose incomes were too small to be taxed.

(3) Allowances would stamp out illiteracy and encourage the young to go to high school because the checks would stop in the case of a child who stayed away from school without a satisfactory excuse.

(4) They would tend to narrow the wide gap between high and low personal incomes, and between prosperous and impoverished districts. They would do this because they would be paid for by tax revenues and would cost prosperous persons and places more, and poor persons and places less, than they got back.

(5) By redistributing income and keeping it circulating they would boost purchasing power and the general economic development.

Against this bright picture drawn by Mackenzie King and the majority of his Liberals, most of the Conservatives cried that the program would ruin the nation. It would break the taxpayer's back, it would undermine the initiative of the laborer who, his pocket full of baby bonuses, would be unwilling to work. The allowance would be wasted on drink, the birth rate of poorer families would zoom, an unfair burden would be imposed on wealthier Canadians and Canadian provinces. So spoke the Conservatives in 1944, but the Family Allowances Act was passed that year.

The original legislation fixed payments at $5 a month for a child under six, $6 for ages six to nine, $7 for ages ten to twelve, and $8 from age thirteen through age fifteen. The payments were reduced by $1 for the fifth child, $2 for the sixth and seventh, and $3 for the eighth and each successive child, on the theory that children in large families could use hand-me-downs. The reductions have long since been eliminated and the present payments are $6 for each child under ten and $8 for each child from ten up to sixteen.

The first batch of checks, for a total of $17,560,934, went out at the end of June, 1945, to 1,237,754 families with 2,956,884 children. By March, 1962, payments were going to 2,649,317 families with 6,562,287 children and running at $43,915,566 a month or $526,986,792 a year. (For a rough estimate of what United States figures might be, multiply Canadian figures by ten.) If there is any criticism of the baby bonuses nowadays, it is not that they

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are costing too much but that they are costing too little.

The allowances, from the very beginning, were such an unqualified success that the shouts of the Conservatives were stilled within weeks. I can remember having dinner in the summer of 1945 with a man who owned the general store in a New Brunswick fishing village. He grumbled bitterly about "that damn Socialist, Willy King," and said that most of his fellow villagers would "breed like rabbits," so they could get "more money for rum." He was a Conservative of Conservatives, but when I saw him the next autumn, he had the grace to admit he had been wrong. "Baby bonus checks," he told me, "buy about a third of the merchandise I sell. Kiddies' clothes, shoes, baby food, milk—you wouldn't believe how sales have gone up. Kids who never saw the inside of a school before turned up when the fall term opened. These baby bonuses are gonna be the salvation of the country."

Were his neighbors breeding like rabbits? No, not that he'd noticed. (The truth is that Canada's birth rate has declined slightly since the allowances were introduced.) Was the liquor store doing more business? Now that was the big surprise, he said. He'd been talking with the liquor store manager and his trade hadn't risen appreciably. He guessed the treasury had had a good idea when it made the checks out to the mothers. And he guessed maybe the checks were really being spent on what the law said they were for: the maintenance, care, training, education and advancement of the child.

That was the story all the way across Canada, from metropolitan cities like Toronto and Montreal, to the mining camps of the north and the spray-beaten outports of Newfoundland, and the windswept prairie hamlets huddled around line elevators and the logging settlements in the towering forests on the rainy western slopes of the Rockies. It has been the story ever since, and if family allowances have proved one thing it is that parents who steal from their children are so rare as to be hardly worth mentioning.

Canada's police, schoolteachers, school attendance officers, the Children's Aid Society and other welfare bodies, as well as family allowance investigators, watch constantly for children who are not properly clothed and fed and whose parents can be suspected of spending the treasury checks on themselves. Of the more than two and a half million families to whom these checks went regularly in 1961, there were 375—about one in 7,000—in which there was evidence of misuse.

What have the baby bonuses done for Canada? Children, even in the remote backwoods, no longer grow up unable to read or write. With the allowances coming in, all but a tiny fraction remain in school until they are sixteen, and by then they have been exposed to enough education to appreciate its value, and far more than ever in the past, complete high school. After that a surprising number, among them youngsters from the very low-income groups, somehow manage to go to college. Would allowances reduce dropouts in the United States? The evidence suggests that they would.

Canada has discovered that the poorer a region is, the more the allowances accomplish. The country has chronically depressed sections where the poverty is comparable to that of the Appalachian coal-mining districts. The children in those districts may not eat filet mignon, and they may have patches on their pants, but they no longer get rickets from malnutrition, and they no longer have to stay home from school because they lack shoes. Would family allowances be a blessing to distressed U.S. areas? My guess is that they would.

I wish I could report that Mackenzie King's baby bonuses had solved unemployment in Canada. Unemployment is still an enormous tragedy and worry there, as it is in the United States. Yet it can be claimed quite convincingly that but for the allowances, the situation would be worse than it is; and it can be argued the U.S. unemployment figures would improve if family allowances were adopted. In Canada it has been proved that family allowances stimulate the economy, and that the money they represent turns over fast. It has likewise been demonstrated that they cushion the impact of automation, even though it still hurts.

Today, the family allowance plan is universally accepted in Canada. All political factions endorse it and a party that condemned it would commit suicide. No legislation in Canadian history has been more popular. What would family allowances do for the United States? It would be worth a trial to find out.

Starting Gun in New Hampshire .. James Desmond

Concord, N.H.

A Washington reporter, wearied by weeks of crisscrossing New Hampshire in search of an elusive Republican consensus, watched Nelson Rockefeller shaking hands on the sidewalks of Concord a week or so ago and remarked: "The only thing I'm sure of now is that if the election were held tomorrow Lyndon Johnson would carry the state."

The assessment was more than half in earnest. With the primary less than a month away, Republican sentiment is so diffused that the only point of agreement among the various pollsters, formal and informal, is that the extraordinarily high percentage of "undecided" voters would render any present poll meaningless. The high uncertainty factor is blurring the prospect, so bright last fall, that the March 10 voting would provide a clear-cut test of strength between Governor Rockefeller and Senator Goldwater. For with the proliferation of candidates who will get some votes one way or another in the primary contest, there is now the very real probability that the win-

James Desmond, a political writer for the New York Daily News, *is the author of* Nelson Rockefeller: A Political Biography, *recently published by Macmillan.*

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ner will have to settle for less than a majority. In that event, New Hampshire, instead of sharpening the guide lines for the Republicans, could end up in a no-contest.

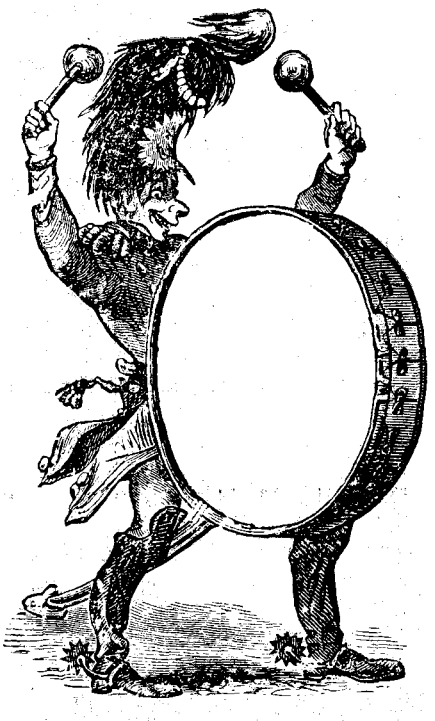
Senator Goldwater, the front-runner last fall, whose stock has fallen sharply since the assassination of President Kennedy, has already anticipated this development by remarking recently that he doesn't think "the outcome can possibly be convincing, as of now" because of the size of the field. Rockefeller, on the other hand, insists that the result will be "significant to the winner, but the losers may have different views."

Part of what Goldwater calls the "rather confused" situation in New Hampshire arises from the complexity of the state's preferential Presidential primary law. The Republicans will elect fourteen delegates to their national convention —ten at large and two each from the two Congressional districts. To get his name on the ballot at the head of his slate, a candidate must give his consent. Four have done so — Goldwater, Rockefeller, Harold E. Stassen and Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine.

But the law also provides for delegates to declare themselves "favorable" to specific candidates, without requiring consent, and for unlimited write-in votes. This has opened the way for backers of former Vice President Nixon, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and Governor Scranton, of Pennsylvania, to put their favorites in contention without directly involving their prestige. (Governor Scranton has recently asked that his name be removed from the running.)

Expert political opinion in New Hampshire is inclined to dismiss the candidacies of Mrs. Smith and Stassen. They entered the fray as individuals. Neither has any kind of organization to go up against the Goldwater and Rockefeller groupings, and there has been no discernible grass-roots demand for either.

A far higher level of importance is assigned to the candidacies of Nixon and Lodge, because they, while having no organizations, are credited with a certain amount of nostalgic power that could draw votes. Since nothing short of a Sherman-type statement ("If nominated I shall not run; if elected I shall not serve.") would take either man out of the contest, and since no such statement is likely to be forthcoming, they remain factors in the primary contest.



Of the two, Lodge now figures as the more important. True he was the second man on the losing 1960 Republican ticket, but he has escaped most of the blame heaped on Nixon in the public mind. Some Republican professionals still find him unacceptable, but his is the amateur approach and that might help at the grass roots. On the other hand, Nixon has been adopted by ex-Governor Wesley Powell, whose curious behavior in 1962 (when the Democrats elected a Governor and U.S. Senator) has alienated many GOP voters, and that could be a liability for whatever ambitions Nixon cherishes.

If Lodge takes no action to curb his supporters, it is assumed that he would damage Rockefeller more than Goldwater, since he is a hero of the Eastern internationalists who are unlikely to swing to Goldwater in any event. This possibility worries the Rockefeller managers in New Hampshire, for while they still privately express confidence that their man will beat Goldwater—although publicly insisting they are running from behind—they would like to roll up a majority big enough to lift Rockefeller into first place nationally. They believe that Rockefeller has begun to recover from his low standing of last summer and that this will be reflected in New Hampshire, particularly in distressed employment areas in the cities.

The strength of the Rockefeller comeback remains to be tested, but his late January trip to California, where he picked up considerable support with the GOP hierarchy after the highly respected Senator Thomas Kuchel joined his camp, the good reception he got from the Young Republicans at their meeting in Alexandria, Va., and the increasing disposition of Republicans to overlook the hassle about his remarriage encourage his supporters to believe that his campaign at last has got off the ground.

The problem now, as Rockefeller's managers see it, is to build some momentum. New Hampshire, therefore, is their first objective. But this, it must be emphasized, is only the first objective. The feeling among the Rockefeller people at this point is that, barring some catastrophic development, Rockefeller is unlikely to lose the ground he has gained in New Hampshire, whereas Goldwater could lose a good deal.

The reasoning goes that Goldwater started out so far ahead, and so urgently needs to show strength in the Northeast, that he could not rationalize a poor showing. A decent showing by Rockefeller, on the other hand, even a showing short of total victory, would revive interest in his candidacy and give him a life for his campaigns in the Oregon, West Virginia and California primaries, all carefully selected as states where his brand of Republicanism is calculated to have wide appeal.

Of course a tremendous vote for one of the write-in candidates could upset all these calculations. But, according to New Hampshire politicians, the very number of the undeclared hopefuls would seem to make this unlikely. In any event, it wouldn't alter the Rockefeller strategy. His commitment is to carry the fight to the convention (he repeatedly emphasized in California that its primary probably would be vital to the nominee), and he intends to fulfill it to the letter.

So whatever the outcome in New Hampshire, the pre-convention struggle next month is guaranteed to be lively.

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Pride, Prejudice and Wit

John Daniel

Literary critics are usually shadowy figures, but F. R. Leavis — although it would be an exaggeration to say that he is known to the general public — does get into the newspapers, and is better known than the majority of poets and novelists in England today. The recent republication of the twenty volumes of *Scrutiny*,* made it reasonable to assume that recognition was at long last official. It was almost as though symmetry had been restored when two weeks later Leavis failed to be re-elected to the Cambridge English faculty board. Perhaps no one intended to snub him (he resigned his university lectureship in the summer of 1962 and will be seventy next year), but it was widely interpreted as a snub. He seemed to have been hurried from office and not allowed to retire in his own good time.

Literary critics do not usually antagonize anyone except other literary critics, but Leavis is an exception. In one sense he has never been anything but a literary critic. Unlike those from whom he learned most: Coleridge and Arnold and T. S. Eliot, and unlike his fellow critics in the States — Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, R. P. Blackmur, Robert Penn Warren — he has never written poems or novels. He has made literary criticism the core of all his work, but in a way that the Americans never attempted. I remember the atmosphere he created in his lectures: he took the study of literature out of an isolated personal realm and made it in some way public. He suggested that society as a whole was involved. One had as an undergraduate a general feeling of guilt about studying English at all. Perhaps one ought to save it for the evenings after a hard day of chemistry or history. It seemed to lack the requisite difficulty that went even with modern languages or philosophy. It was Leavis who not only insisted on the central importance of criticism but who placed it at the top of the hierarchy, making such studies as linguistics, semantics, philology and history, subordinate.

Dr. Leavis' attitude toward modern society was therefore inextricably linked with his conception of the role that criticism was to play. And his attitude has been generally hostile. He has consistently attacked the urban, mechanized, rapidly changing life that we know. He has extolled the "organic community" of the rural past at the expense of the industrial present. "How much richer the *life* was in the old, predominantly rural order than in the modern suburb," he wrote in *Scrutiny*. He has constantly lamented the disappearance of values and standards which he associates with the past: "It is an order that is gone . . . and there are no signs of its replacement by another. . . . Instead, we have cultural disintegration, mechanical organization, and constant rapid change." He offers his past as a historical fact. His preoccupation with criticism and only criticism seems to have blinded him to the complex studies by modern economic historians who would probably be more hesitant about the "organic community" of rural England, and have greater difficulty in placing it.

The hostility toward machines of all kinds, toward what we call progress, recalls D. H. Lawrence, with whom Leavis has closely linked himself. It has led him into such Lawrentian attitudes as the one he displayed in his Richmond lecture two years ago, when he extolled the culture of the Australian aborigine at the expense of the white European.

In this way Leavis has invited attack, not only from his enemies in the "literary establishment" but also from those concerned with the planning of the future by democratic means. The latter have more reason to be grateful to him, and their attacks are tempered with praise. For all that they are ultimately more destructive; the criticism of Raymond Williams is characteristic when he suggests in *Culture and Society*: "English is properly a central matter of all education, but it is not clearly, a whole education."

This apparently mild comment would strike most people as reasonable but Williams is careful to say that English is *a* central matter, not *the* central matter. He suggests that the center is not closely limited, that there may be many centers. And this cuts across the extravagant claims made by Leavis throughout his work, but especially in *Education and the University*:

> *It trains in a way no other discipline can, intelligence and sensibility together, cultivating a sensitiveness and precision of response and a delicate integrity of intelligence— intelligence that integrates as well as analyses and must have pertinacity and staying power as well as delicacy.*

"In a way no other discipline can" is tantamount to telling one's colleagues that they are doing inferior work. Leavis has always — to be fair — insisted on English as "a liaison field of study" but such an attitude is not likely to encourage exploration and flexibility. No one likes to begin at the top and work down, and this vertical, hierarchical concept of educational training is one that Leavis has fostered.

It is connected with the pessimistic-conservative attitude toward society and "progress" shared by those writers on whom he has concentrated. Extract the "message" from Coleridge, Arnold, Melville, Dickens, Twain, Henry James, George Eliot and D. H. Lawrence and one sees its essential conservativism. There is, of course, a vast amount more than the "message": one can find much that is valuable in all of them without necessarily accepting any of their conclusions. But here the potential enmity between literary criticism and educational theory emerges. Literary criticism is an art; educational theory is a branch of philosophy, and between the two — as Aristotle pointed out — there is perpetual war. No one would question Leavis' invaluable work on individual writers; it is the extension of this as a structured theory that is dangerous. And the structure, the unification, is what Leavis has insisted upon, as the titles of his books show: *New Bearings, The Common Pursuit, The Great Tradition*. They all imply that there is a comprehensive pattern which is unique and valuable. There obviously *is* a framework but to confuse it with educational ideals results in a negative

*Reviewed by J. G. Weightman, *The Nation*, December 7, 1963.

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stance, withdrawn from modern society. It is all very well to elevate Edmund Burke above Tom Paine, but in a necessary way we must proceed with Paine. I never heard anything of Paine (or Orwell or the early Dos Passos, or any except the pessimistic-conservative writers) when I was at Cambridge.

The crisis is central to our society and to the value and function of art in our culture. Leavis' opponents accuse him of personal feuding, and the outbursts against him in the *Spectator* after the publication of his Richmond lecture attacking C. P. Snow, were reminiscent of eighteenth-century Grub Street diatribes. C. P. Snow was something of a gift to Leavis, a straw man from the "literary establishment." But many of his onslaughts on the cliques, on the academics, the *Times Literary Supplement*, the B.B.C. Third Programme, the British Council and the reviewing columns of the fashionable Sunday papers were necessary and just. Anyone who thinks there is nothing more to say on this score has obviously not been in the English department of a university recently and seen what passes for Ph.D. theses, or has not read the newspapers and magazines and seen what passes for criticism. In Leavis' retrospective essay to the *Scrutiny* volumes one sees that he is still on the attack:

> *The reviewing, in fact (and the system controlling it is much strengthened by command of the air and television screen), is more clique- and mode- and time-serving than ever.*

He still tends, however, to write about "the system" as though it were a carefully organized army with headquarters in Pall Mall or Bloomsbury. He treats it as a tangible entity, as Cobbett treated "The Thing," and his blanket criticism has become more characteristic in later years. It is obvious that the attack must be more discriminating, and if this is true of the enemies "above," it is equally true of those "below," the products of a commercial culture threatening to engulf the values of a civilized community. Here Leavis has been even more general than in his attacks on the coteries. It is true that *Culture and Environment*, which Leavis wrote with Denys Thompson in 1933, has seeded hundreds of closer studies, and that the work now being done at secondary levels of education stems directly from it; but Leavis has never had the intrinsic interest in popular culture that has motivated many of his followers. Richard Hoggart invented many of the excerpts from the sex-and-violence novels that he examined in his *Uses of Literacy*; one cannot imagine Leavis doing such a thing. His concentration on the rural past precludes any close interest in the forms of popular culture, and too often he has failed to discriminate between the medium and the product. "The cinema" has frequently been used as a shorthand term of abuse without much realization that there are films and films.

Leavis' insistence on the unique value provided by training in literary criticism has meant, in practice, that he has set himself against specialized knowledge and relegated it to a lower category. But unless a student takes an identical position, he finds that he lacks the specialized knowledge which will enable him to apply his training. Time is, after all, at a premium for a student and three or four years of English, at the end of which he comes out of a university with no knowledge or skill directly applicable to society, are liable to increase the detachment and arrogance implicit in the whole idea of the elite.

"Elite" seems to me an unfortunate word for Leavis to have used in the first place, and the tendency has inevitably been from "the elite versus the clique" to "the elite versus the rest." English literature has tended to become a clique of its own. Those trained in this school too often assume that they alone are capable of reading with discrimination. Leavis' claims for his subject — like those of Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats for poetry —have become shriller and more all-embracing as he goes more and more on the defensive. His attitude to Cambridge illustrates in microcosm the strengths and weaknesses of his position. For thirty years he has inveighed against the establishment there, while at the same time displaying a loyalty to Cambridge that seems highly personal and sometimes eccentric. He has found in the university what Arnold wanted to find in the academy. He still refers to it as "the ancient university"—a Victorian phrase that can hardly be pronounced without veneration creeping in.

He devotes much of his recent essay to defining the "real" Cambridge, and it is true that he has destroyed the traditional port-winey attitude to literature and founded a much clearer and more exacting discipline. But one fears that "ancient" carries as much weight with him as "university" and that his fondness for recalling the place names and dates of old battles, for telling us repeatedly that no one could be found to review *New Bearings* when it appeared, is hardly significant to the outside world. In a country which is struggling to build new colleges that won't simply be scruffy inferiors of the Great Two, Leavis has become parochial. There is a nice story of his refusal to leave Cambridge for the States: "They wanted me to go and lecture. They promised me lots of free time and lots of money. The two things I hate." It illustrates the prickly eccentricity and integrity of a man who has never gone on lecture tours, symposia, television, who has never ridden the "gravy train" of fellowships, grants and the whole paraphernalia of modern letters. It also illustrates what most of his opponents miss: his wit.

Heart for the Gods

THE COLLECTED NOVELS OF CONRAD AIKEN. Introduction by R. P. Blackmur. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 575 pp. $7.95.

Hayden Carruth

The five novels that Conrad Aiken wrote between 1925 and 1940 were not much noticed at the time and one of them, the fourth, was not even published in the United States, although in many respects it stands as his best. Now that they are available in one volume, we see not only that Aiken was one of the best American novelists of the period between the two World Wars, but that he still, a quarter of a century later, speaks to us with charm, vivacity and great acuity.

The five novels in the order that Aiken wrote them are: *Blue Voyage, Great Circle, King Coffin, A Heart for the Gods of Mexico* and *Conversation.* They have practically no plots, either in the conventional sense of a story or in the more highly developed sense of a structure of interacting moods, ideas and images. Nevertheless, they give the impression of being complete and integrated; the reader is never left with a feeling that the novels have failed to fulfill their inner necessity. Lacking plot, they possess form, and I

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think the nature of their form can best be discussed in terms of substance, meaning and style.

The substance of Aiken's novels is one of those "old verities of the heart," of which Faulkner wrote, having in mind the thumping, traumatic blocks of experience that impel our lives; the ancient, unchanging conflicts and desires. Aiken has confined himself to the simplest possible "verity": the conflict between the urgency and the obscenity of sex. This seems a bland enough conflict nowadays. All of sex, including its obscenity, has been converted to a univocal, hedonistic celebration of license, usually denying the obscenity altogether, even though this means the loss of a valid, recognizable, enriching part of universal experience. Aiken, too, moves in this inevitable direction, but cautiously and reluctantly, braving the primness of Bostonian morality in the first decades of this century.

In *Blue Voyage*, a man who has missed his chance to marry the girl of his choice, takes solace in a sea voyage but finds, after he is aboard ship, that she is also a passenger. Another passenger, a girl at the "hero's" table in the dining saloon, is a good deal sexier, at least in appearance. And that is all. The "hero" speaks scarcely a dozen words to either girl in the course of the entire voyage. The novel consists of his inner vacillations, with a good deal of local color — the sights and sounds of shipboard life. Yet the novel has expanse as well as focus, and these derive from meaning, the second element of form in Aiken's work.

The term is ambiguous, of course. As I intend it, meaning corresponds to the way a good novel catches and preserves a particular attitutde of the world mind at a particular time and place. Any good novel must do this, must arrest and refract the contemporary phase in the evolution of ideas as that phase affects a society. Aiken's third novel, *King Coffin*, is his most explicit statement of the intellectual theme. More thickly plotted than the rest, it is a pseudo-thriller in which the hero, a demented post-Nietzschean *homme d'esprit*, decides that he may preserve his "purity" only by committing a gratuitous murder. The collapse of Nietzsche's superman into nihilism is heavily dramatized, chiefly by means of concepts derived from Freudian theory. And there you have the two aspects of the world mind which impressed themselves most clearly upon Aiken in his time and place: nihilisim and Freudianism.

There were other aspects as well, of course, and in those years some of them seemed more prominent, which may partly explain the neglect of Aiken's fiction when it first appeared. Hemingway, too, was criticized for his failure to succumb to the proletarian furore, and when he tried to force a commitment which was not innate, he fared badly. At least Aiken avoided that mistake. He stuck to his own vision of his own locale, and as that locale recedes farther and farther from us, we can see how acute his vision was. In all his novels, the nihilism of the era, the despair which had not yet quite deepened into Sartrean nausea, is beautifully realized. The novels are thickly detailed with images of Boston, Cambridge and the Cape, citadels of former glory, gone to ruin but still fondly remembered. The Freudianism, the searching for origins in sexual behavior, the plunge from rationalism into irrationalism, from naturalism into primitivism, from morality into the libido, is equally well presented, usually by means of richly conflicting dialogue or by dreams.

All this combines in a dense, exciting texture; which is to say, a style. And the style *is* the form, the surface that gives shape to the substance. Aiken, as we know from his poetry, is a master rhetorician; he would be the first to point out that rhetoric, which is simply the art of expression, means nothing reprehensible, in spite of the popular contrary feeling. Eloquence, wit, verbal tone, neologism, even punctuation, the whole bag of tricks, in short, is perfectly justifiable, provided the language is filled out and driven by its own interior forces. Almost uniformly, this is the case with Aiken's writing.

The result is fiction which moves with a sure pace, rising and rising until at last it falls of its own repletion, and that is the end of the novel. The language is a delight, equally to the ear and to the visual imagination. These are lyrical novels in the fullest sense of the term. Of course, there are quaintnesses. One is startled to see "inferiority complex" set out on the page in all seriousness, until one recognizes that such terms, taken from an external discipline, have been absorbed into the author's personal vocabulary and have become a part of rhetoric. If the reader permits, these phrases too will evince their in-dwelling aesthetic drive. For as time passes, quaintness in novels has a way of rounding again into validity, and the Piotr Stepanovich who seemed a tintype in 1905 is today a monster once more.

Aiken's best novel, *A Heart for the Gods of Mexico*, is also the shortest, perhaps no more than a novella. Three people — Noni; her friend Blomberg; and Gil, her suitor — journey by day coach from Boston to Cuernavaca. The objective is divorce for Noni, and then remarriage to Gil. Noni and Blomberg keep from Gil, who is the slow-beat of the trio, the secret that she is dying of heart disease. It is a journey, in tension and fatigue, from prim Boston through the successive phases of a return to primitivism: the Berkshires, the desolate night of Ohio, the Mississippi ("Great Divide"), the dry flatlands, and finally the plunging mountains of Mexico, abode of implacable gods demanding blood; a journey into futility, necessity, absurdity, trailing always the attenuated veil of Bostonian nostalgia. Aiken's prose is fiercer and keener in this book than in the others, and yet gentleness, even humor, pervades, with the result that an immensely complicated synthesis of moods and meanings is sustained without a single recourse to direct statement. Everything is transmuted into visual terms. I could not help thinking, as I reread it, that it would make a perfect script for a film, in the hands of the right director.

The same might be said, with scarcely less justice, of all the novels. They are a marvelous concentration of jokes, *aperçues*, caricatures, overheard intimacies, and scenes glimpsed from moving windows, all fused into major movements of thought and feeling. The fusion is accomplished by means of the deep concern that presents itself to us, quite simply, as eloquence. The novels sustain themselves in our anti-eloquent age by their unspoken insistence that the intelligence and creativeness of rhetoric are enduring virtues. Aiken's rhetorical spirit links him to a deep-running current in American letters: the long New England crisis which has shaped much of our life, including our political life. There is another bond as well, and this is the historical "moment" which his novels hold and animate — nihilism's terrifying and forlorn attempt to find a heart for the gods. Aiken takes his place in the succession of Hawthorne, Melville, Henry Adams and Santayana, but for the time being at least, his contribution seems more urgent than theirs.

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Lincoln Rejects a Bodyguard

C. Carroll Hollis

When an American President has been assassinated for the fourth time in our history, there is understandably renewed concern for safeguarding the Chief Executive's life. Indeed, so accustomed are we to the need for such protection that a President who prefers to dispense with it would seem to demonstrate a startling combination of folly and grandstanding. Yet Lincoln did just that, but with unique wisdom and self-effacement.

This remark is occasioned by my recent discovery of an unpublished Lincoln letter of January, 1861. That the letter should have gone so long unnoticed is understandable, for it is by Lincoln but in the hand of his secretary Nicolay; it was intended for the future U.S. Senator Lane of Kansas but directed to Mark Delahay, an old friend of Lincoln's. And, by some circuitous route at which I can only guess, it is now in the Ewing Family Papers at the Library of Congress. That involved history offers appropriate witness to the complexity of its historical background.

When the election of 1860 was over, Lincoln found himself with a multitude of self-acknowledged supporters, all eager to prove their friendship and even more eager that he prove his. A sufficient number of these were such blatant office-seekers that Lincoln could make jokes about them. But others were not so easily fathomed nor so simply dealt with. There were those who would entrap him with patriotic gestures, beneath which their motives, even if perceived, could not be exposed. One such figure was Jim Lane of Kansas, the self-styled Crusader of Freedom.

As soon as Congress should convene with Lincoln's inauguration, Kansas was to be admitted to statehood. In the territorial campaign for the impending national offices, political fervor had been hard to maintain for it had been a disastrous farm year; drought and bad weather had destroyed much of the crop and many of the inhabitants faced famine. Lane was a strong Senatorial candidate, but his election was by no means certain. Several candidates had tried to get letters from Lincoln, for all knew that his endorsement could swing an election, but he had refused everyone, even denying assistance to Mark Delahay who had been his host on the 1859 trip to Kansas. Jim Lane, however, thought he knew how to do it.

Lane's scheme was both frontal and presumptuous. There had been much talk of danger to the President-elect: rumors that he would be kidnaped, reports of planned accidents, riots and even assassination. Whether the stories exaggerated the danger to Lincoln or not, they did endanger the already agitated country by adding further excitement, suspicion and trigger-nervousness to the national temper. Blandly indifferent to this larger danger, Lane proceeded with his coup.

He chose to work through Mark Delahay, who was an associate of Thomas Ewing, proprietor of the Leavenworth *Times*, partner and brother-in-law of William Tecumseh Sherman and future Supreme Court Judge of Kansas. Lane had been unable to win Ewing's support, but he did get Delahay to take to Lincoln an offer of an armed bodyguard of one thousand Kansas "Crusaders." The proposal, signed by Lane and twenty-two prominent citizens of Kansas, could not be ignored, as Lane clearly recognized. He also must have thought that any answer would be useful in his campaign — a conjecture difficult to deny, if one did not know Lincoln very well. In the Lincoln Papers, Lane's letter has "Answered" written across the envelope, but how it was answered was a mystery for more than a century.

Lane's offer is dated January 1, 1861, his covering letter January 2, and the envelope January 3, but there is no way to determine exactly when Delahay delivered it or how soon thereafter Lincoln dictated his answer. However, one reference seems to mark the termination of the incident. In a letter of January 26, 1861, the editor of Ewing's Leavenworth *Times*, wrote: "Lane arrived here today. . . . Delahay is waiting here to have a private interview." At that time, presumably, Delahay read Lincoln's reply to Lane's proposal.

My further guess is that Delahay understood he had been drawn

C. Carroll Hollis is professor of American literature at the University of North Carolina. He discovered the Lincoln letter presented here while on a two-year appointment as specialist on American cultural history at the Library of Congress.

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into an unsavory scheme and left the letter in the editor's office to be published should Lane misrepresent the affair in campaign speeches. Whatever the details of its origin and transfer, the letter was never used, and the following, therefore, is its first publication:

Springfield, Ill. Jan./61

Dear Sir:

Your letter tendering me the services of Gen. Lane and one thousand of the citizens of Kansas, in consequence of apprehended difficulties at Washington, on the day of my inauguration, has been received. While I cannot question the patriotism of the offer and regard for me which it seems to evince, you must allow me to regret that it was made. Until the day of my inauguration, I, like yourself am an humble, private citizen, possessing no power to cause, legally, the assemblage of armed bodies of men, their passage through the country & concentration at any point, and, did I possess it, I certainly have not the disposition in the present distracted state of National affairs, to create just cause for greater dissension, by its use. Elected to the highest position the country can bestow, I have such faith in the patriotism of the American People that they will quietly allow me to assume the responsibilities they have imposed upon me & aid me in carrying out faithfully the provisions of the Constitution, framed by the wisdom of the Fathers of the Republic.

Should the danger which you seem to apprehend, promise to arise, I have no such fondness for power, as to be willing to usurp the duties of the present venerable head of the Government, by accepting the proffered services of armed bodies of men, nor am I willing to insult his official integrity with the mistrust which such acceptance would show. Placed at the head of the Government, responsible for its peace & tranquillity & sworn to its support, it would be the highest indignity which I could offer him, to show, by looking with favor upon your action that he intended to be faithless to his duties & his oath.

Your action, though no doubt unintentionally so, is unfortunate in another light. It is our duty, if possible, to settle the existing difficulties with the calm exercise of reason, rather than by the display of force. I cannot deny that it is the belief, apparently, of many southern men, that it is the intention of my administration forcibly and unconstitutionally to interfere with their domestic institutions. This feeling I desire to allay. Your offer, made I presume with the best intentions, coming as it does from a person claiming personal affinity with me, discourages the feelings I wish to create and exasperates a community already excited. Should stern necessity compell me to accept your proffered aid, I know not how I could act more unwisely at the present crisis, than recognize as a leader, a person so obnoxious as the one you have named, who is reported publicly to have said that he was a "Crusader in behalf of Freedom."

In another view your proposition seems unwise. Kansas, I learn, is suffering from famine. Her people are poor and in want. Her agents are appealing to the philanthropic throughout the states to aid them against starvation. Should I accept your aid, your Territory would of necessity be taxed to the amount of $150,000 to give it. While the devotion of a people thus willing to burden themselves when in a condition of starvation may show a manly & heroic adherence to principle, those who without just cause should ask them to impose it, would deserve the execration of the world. I trust that the offer you have made may not cause the generous to believe your wants less pressing than they really are and consequently to relax their efforts for your relief.

Hoping your family may be well & that Kansas will take the position among the states to which her history would entitle her —

I am respectfully yours,
A. Lincoln

One might wish the letter had been published for the sake of the national sanity it might have restored. Lane was elected anyway, and ironically enough he afterwards organized a band of armed defenders who camped in the White House during the desperate days between the fall of Fort Sumter and the arrival of regular forces. But, as with so many of those who sought to use Lincoln but came to be used by him, he never knew how dwarfed in stature he seemed the closer he got to his President. Indeed, it may be doubted that Lane had the vision to perceive the wisdom of Lincoln's letter, but I trust he was not insensitive to the ironic thrust of that next to last paragraph.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

In his last three films—from *Through a Glass Darkly* to *Winter Light* and now to *The Silence*—Ingmar Bergman has been reducing objective dramatic content in favor of internalized crisis. There is no doubt that, cinematically, his pictures are slowing down.

There is also no doubt that Bergman is engaged in an extended, darkly Protestant, investigation of modern society. The hierarchy of sin greatly preoccupies him; I believe he wishes us to understand that the unforgivable sin is the failure of sympathy: not to love is to be damned for eternity. If that seems a familiar definition, it may be that Bergman, whatever his resourcefulness as a film-maker, is a conventional moralist.

Predictably enough, ethical conventionality is now affecting his dramatic style. Coming from a man of his artistic vigor, *The Silence* is disappointingly more a movie of its time than the creation of an independent mind. It is written in the shorthand of contemporary international cinema: the large hotel quite empty except for the participants in the story, the somnambulistic walk through indifferent crowds, the oppressive heat that appears to afflict only the principals, the banal dialogue indicating failure of communication, the small child who is the half-comprehending witness of adult travail, the anonymous sexuality, the posing of actors in attitudes of frozen emotion, the line: "You say you love me, but you really hate me" — all these do more to evoke a category of films than to make a new impression.

The plot of *The Silence* can be told quickly. Two sisters and the eleven-year-old son of the younger of them are going home from a brief holiday. On the train, the older sister, far advanced in tuberculosis, is dangerously seized and they are forced to break the trip in a "foreign" city. After some thirty-six hours, mother and son start off again, leaving their companion to live or die alone in her hotel bed. (She is attended by a solicitous but senile floor waiter who cannot speak her language — an effective if somewhat obvious way to drive home the utter loneliness of her situation.)

The older sister is a Lesbian, the women have been incestuous lovers, but the younger one has broken out of the relationship and is now hectically engaged in heterosexual promiscuity, at least partly to torment her formerly dominant partner. She picks up a brutish waiter in the café across from the hotel, and allows her sister to witness their intimacies. The younger woman is embittered, also, by the expressed moral and intellectual superiority of her sister, an attitude going back to their childhood. She is confused, headstrong, unimaginative; she is also a narcissistic girl much given to stepping out of her clothes, and she behaves toward her son in a manner of alternating sensuality and indifference that suggests psychological catastrophe.

The older sister is an intellectual, a moralizer, a self-accuser, guilt-ridden, soul-proud, passion-driven, half-insane with lust and loathing, clearly dying. She suffers deeply and totally, whereas her sister suffers only on the surface and for the moment. But the moral contrast and the dramatic conflict do not build to much, because the one kind of suffering is made to seem no more significant than the other. Bergman has created an "extreme situation" of the sort currently popular, but seems unable to say what it means or to derive any artistic form from it. Inevitably, then, it falls off into a demonstration of pathologies. One learns facts about these people, but it almost seems as though the director were deliberately withholding any real knowledge of them. This makes voyeurs of the audience, and they have a right to resent it.

They have a right also to wonder whether *The Silence*, like Bergman films before it, is making cynical capital out of sensation. Aside from its central situation, the picture offers a scene of completely explicit and very close-up auto-eroticism that goes far beyond anything seen before in a public entertainment. If it escapes censorship it is certain to be whispered about for weeks. If it does not survive, the deletion will be undetectable, for the scene contributes nothing to the development of the film.

Bergman also introduces a troupe of music-hall dwarfs as the only other residents of the hotel. There is a useful scene in which the boy wanders into the room of these quite sinister-looking little men and is treated with charming, witty friendliness. The episode calls attention to the great peril that envelops the boy by showing him safe in a situation that is conventionally dangerous. For all that, Bergman's use of these dwarfs seemed to me coldly picturesque. I heard afterward that he happened upon them in the city where he was shooting the picture and thought they would add "a nice touch." Whether it is so or not, that is the effect.

The girls in the picture are Gunnel Lindblom and Ingrid Thulin, two of Bergman's best actresses, but scarcely

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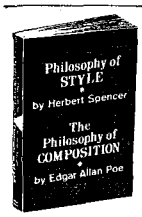

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at the top of their form in this work. They "look" their parts all right, and stalwartly face the rigors of the script, but they seem to have a completely external and technical understanding of their roles (Miss Lindblom is the wanton, Miss Thulin the Lesbian). As often happens with well-disciplined actors in such cases, they look studiously "directed." The little boy, Jorgen Lindstrom, was much better than that. He is supposed to look bored and lonely, and that, I suspect, is precisely what he was.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Sidney Michael's play *Dylan* is a theatrical bestseller (Plymouth). It is smooth, literate, fashionably sophisticated, entertaining. One watches it unruffled by any of the problems it seems to suggest. It provides "a good evening in the theatre."

Its subject is the poet, Dylan Thomas, part of whose life and all of whose death has been amply publicized. The audience which sees the play knows his "story" much better than it does his poetry. Just as Irving Stone's *Lust for Life* made Van Gogh a famous painter in the United States, so Alec Guinness in *Dylan* may add to the fame of a poet already known to the public through several biographies and the obituaries of larger circulation magazines.

The play occupies itself chiefly with the poet's last days in America, the disastrous tour described in John Malcolm Brinnin's book. The play tells us that though he loved his wife and children, he was a bad husband and an impossible father, deceiving the one and neglecting the others. We see him meandering in self-destructive and irresponsible stupor through a series of public readings, to the head-shaking of thousands for whom a poet's "personality" is more fascinating than his work.

A play with such material might make its theme the drama of the creative man whose talent has begun to fail him and for whom in his own eyes there is nothing more to justify his existence. It might be a study of the poet's plight at a time when he can earn a living only by engaging in activities unrelated to his true function. It could be the depiction of a free (anarchic) spirit in a conformist community, a portrait of a great heart impaled on the gears of the industrial machine, or a psychological treatment of a soul astray in a world in which everyone has become less than half real and very little is worth respect.

A smattering of all these elements does emerge in Mr. Michael's play (this is what, apart from the acting, holds our attention): just enough for gossip, casual "philosophizing" or perfunctory commiseration. A recurring phrase in the play refers to Dylan's "rage." Ah yes, the poet is consumed with rage, it gnaws at his vitals, it makes his life a hell, it drives him to drink, it makes him rude, dissolute, disgusting, it kills him—and is supposed to break our hearts.

But this "rage" in the play is without content, a tag like the flowing tie, long hair, velvet coat and dirty fingernails of the bohemian artist of old. Dylan recites a few lines of his verse and we hear about his writing *Under Milk Wood*, but for purposes of any true understanding he remains a "colorful" but meaningless figure. We come away from the play knowing little more than facts we might have picked up at a cocktail party. We are not even impelled to examine the poetry written by this amazing derelict.

There is perhaps no cause for anyone to become "exercised" over this kind of writing in play or novel (*The Moon and Sixpence* was not much better) except that it reflects an audience unaware of the role of the artist in society and a common attitude which makes him a kind of sacred monster, a decorative gargoyle to shatter the monotony of our days, instead of the essential citizen who *through his work* gives consciousness and voice to the fundamental significance of our lives. What happens to the artist in society is happening to us. What he suffers is our pain, what discourages and debases him is what frustrates and diminishes us, just as his hopes and exaltations are ours. Plays like *Dylan*—often quite clever—remove us from both art and life.

Peter Glenville's production is technically expert and Kate Reid as Caitlin Thomas is solid and convincing. Alec Guinness, to whom the play's success is largely due, is exemplary in make-up, voice, speech (wonderfully Welsh in intonation), ease, assurance, and in conveying a sense of utter naturalness and moment-by-moment verisimilitude. There isn't a false note. Yet he cannot supply what the text lacks. His illustration is perfection itself—and a pleasure to observe. But there is no pain or true pathos in it; no single aspect of Dylan's character (he must have had one) is genuinely revealed: there are only traits admirably rendered. The mask is lifelike, the face nonexistent. This is craftsmanship par excellence, but it does not achieve what Salvini called "serious acting" which for that great Italian actor meant passion and transfiguration, and for the rest of us creation — something which changes us in our inmost being.

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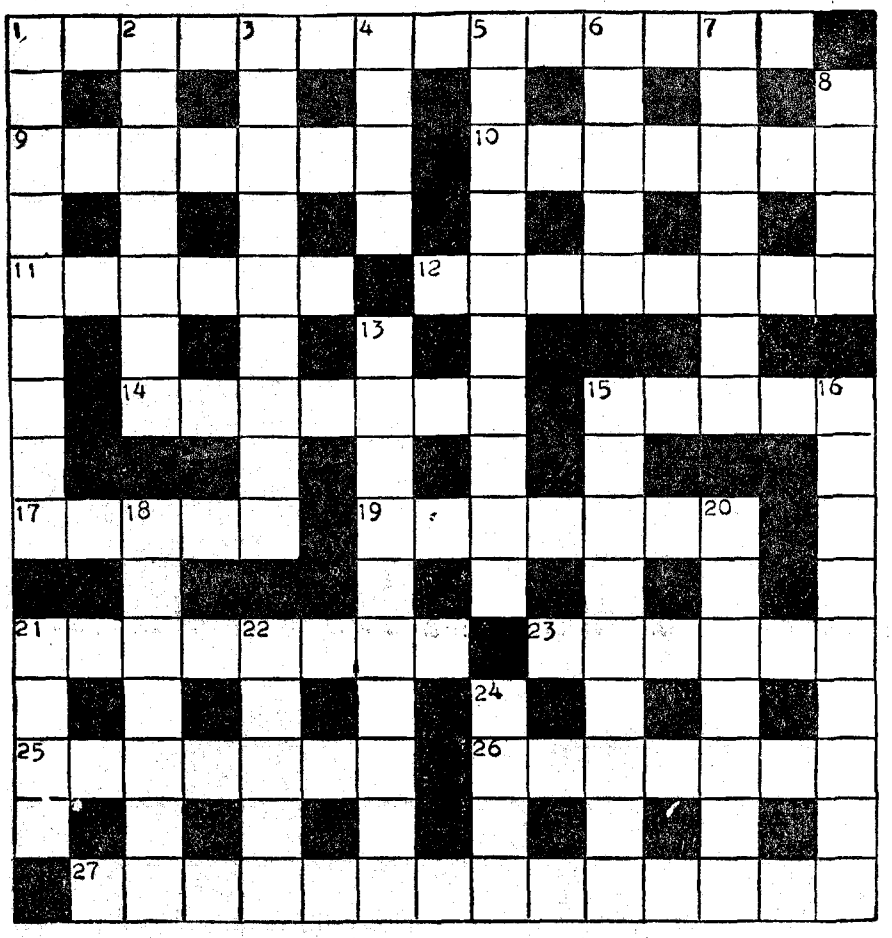
Crossword Puzzle No. 1046

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The rest of the doll, as we might say now, was broken with one smack! (8, 6)
9 Being somewhat like Venus de Milo, why should it be capable of making a man rude? (7)
10 An old girl friend might be seen here, at a second look. (7)
11 Concerning an offshoot of the ground? (6)
12 Not a creditable situation. (2, 3, 3)
14 Certainly not a tribute to the quick.
15 Elicits information? They might be rather slippery. (5)
17 Do you have to try to write one?
19 A number of English university men are tissues of such fabrication! (7)
21 Instrument measuring one degree around the edges of an animal vat. (4, 4)
23 You can make a lump of the toy, with a little work. (6)
25 It's a nice place to have a little talk and drink with some foreigners. (7)
26 Retire, in a way, to a country place.
27 Deposit in the ground with perhaps relative results in expressing mutual need. (14)

DOWN:

1 She might have some small part in showing the best route. (9)
2 Call up corroded issue. (7)
3 Parade of importance. (9)
4 La Maya is a famous one. (4)
5 Way of covering up a yawn, if it's late. (10)
6 A minor complaint of the bone.
7 One other arangement should find me up to it, but it might have to be proved. (7)
13 If he were, an astronaut couldn't hope to be on the return trip. (10)
15 An affirmative vote during the meeting should be what many in office hope to get. (9)
16 His solution to the problem of self-improvement might be flatter. (9)
18 How to bring us up to the mark and keep us there. (7)
20 A splendid beginning with the desire to go overboard. (7)
21 Quarter, half, or full support. (4)
22 One might take notes on the subject for discussion. (5)
24 and 8 down Some plans are like fish eggs in the ocean. (4-4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1045

ACROSS: 1 Falconry; 5 Closer; 10 Leading; 11 and 19 Arts and Sciences; 12 Bingo; 13 Overrides; 14 Cadre; 16 Pleasure; 22 Loser; 24 Endangers; 26 Prize; 28 Ladybug; 29 Ant hill; 30 Mayfly; 31 Astringe. DOWN: 1 Fall back; 2 Learn; 3 Oligocene; 4 Regroup; 6 Later; 7 Standards; 8 Radish; 9 Gamete; 15 Decidedly; 17 Saltpeter; 18 True blue; 20 Clergy; 21 Sashays; 23 Bedlam; 25 Nobel; 27 Ixion.

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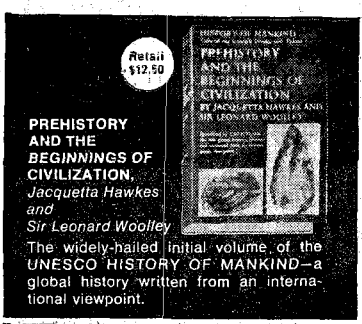

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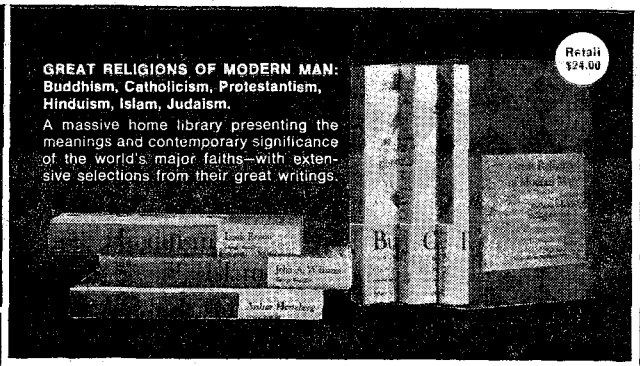

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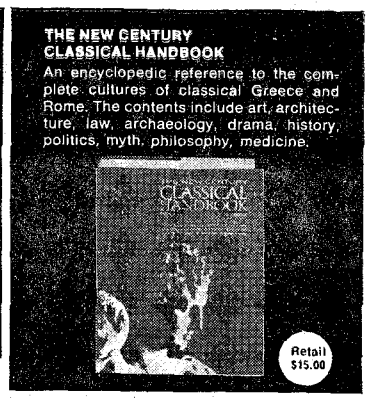

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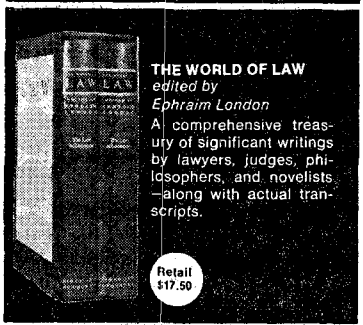

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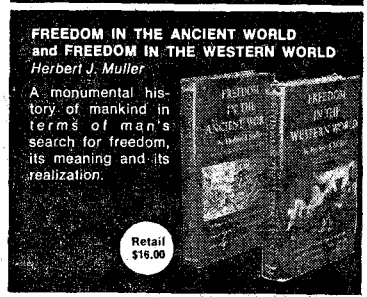

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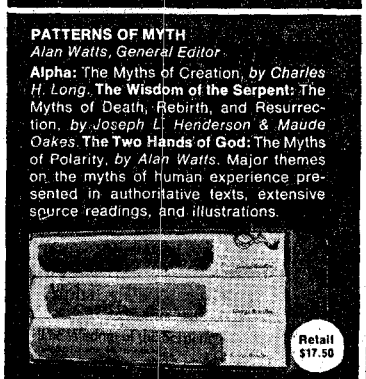

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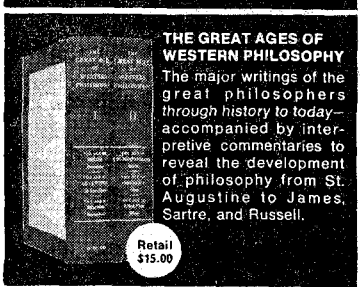

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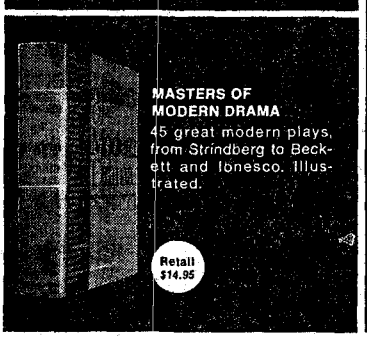

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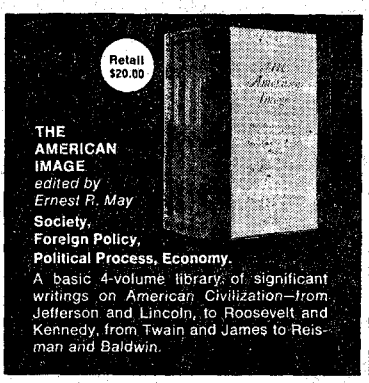

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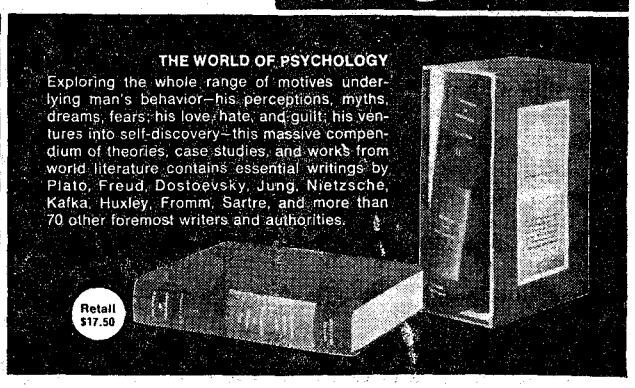

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